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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES /  
VOLUME XLIV

No. 3403 September 25, 1909

{ FROM BEGINNING  
{ VOL. CCLXII.

## CONTENTS

I.	International and National Christian Literature. <i>An Address by Prof. Dr. Adolf Harnack</i> . . .	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	771
II.	The Diseases of the House of Commons. <i>By Lord Hugh Cecil</i> . . .	DUBLIN REVIEW	777
III.	Hardy-on-the-Hill. Book II. Chapters XI and XII. <i>By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell)</i> . (Conclusion.) . . .	TIMES	784
IV.	Wheels within Wheels. <i>By Thomas Seccombe</i> . . .	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	789
V.	Wendell Phillips Garrison. . . . .	ATHENÆUM	798
VI.	What the Public Wants. A Play in Four Acts. Act I. <i>By Arnold Bennett</i> . . . . .	ENGLISH REVIEW	801
VII.	Gardens Without Flowers. <i>By Sir William Eden, Bart</i> . . . . .	SATURDAY REVIEW	820
VIII.	The Gastronomic Year. . . . .	NATION	821

## A PAGE OF VERSE

IX.	Pantom of the Morning Watch. <i>By Julian Tenison</i> . . . . .	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	770
X.	The Seafarers' Song. <i>By Margaret Sackville</i> . . . . .	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	770
XI.	My Thoughts Like Bees. <i>By Alfred Douglas</i> . . . . .		770
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS . . . . .		824



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

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PANTOUM OF THE MORNING  
WATCH.

The blue-black arching dome of sky,  
The countless stars, our ceiling  
make;

The coast shows dimly to the eye,  
Our ship is in the squadron's wake.

The countless stars our ceiling make,  
The soft sea bears us on its breast,  
Our ship is in the squadron's wake—  
A black shape, phosphorescence-  
dressed.

The soft sea bears us on its breast  
O'er billows shot with silver sheen—  
A black shape, phosphorescence-  
dressed,  
Astern of others, dimly seen,

O'er billows shot with silver sheen—  
The setting moon's reflected beams—  
Astern of others, dimly seen,  
We chase their stern-lights' heaving  
gleams.

The setting moon's reflected beams  
Touching the wavelets on the deep,  
We chase their stern-lights' heaving  
gleams;  
The day stirs from its shaken sleep.

Touching the wavelets on the deep,  
The twilight, faintly seen, is here;  
The day stirs from its shaken sleep,  
O'er the sea's edge pale rays appear.

The twilight, faintly seen, is here;  
The watchful sentry strikes the hour;  
O'er the sea's edge pale rays appear,  
The dawn shows up the lighthouse  
tower.

The watchful sentry strikes the hour—  
Three bells!—the stars fade just the  
least;

The dawn shows up the lighthouse  
tower,  
And streaks of gold break in the east.

Three bells! The stars fade just the  
least,

The coast shows sharper to the eye,  
And streaks of gold break, in the east,  
The blue-black arching dome of sky.

*Julian Tenison.*

*Chambers's Journal.*

## THE SEAFARERS' SONG.

We have forgotten the old ways of  
earth—

The heavy ways where now we wander  
not;—

The cities and the countries of our  
birth

And those who loved us well—we have  
forgot.

The wild-winged seagulls scream about  
our path,

The winds and waters are our enemies,  
The sea has overborne us in her wrath  
And wasted and betrayed us with her  
peace.

We seek, for that which none has  
found—we eat

The salt weed and our mouths are  
choked with rain—

What of the earth, and are her fruits  
still sweet?—

Pray God we never tread the earth  
*Margaret Sackville.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## MY THOUGHTS LIKE BEES.

My thoughts like bees explore all  
sweetest things

To fill for you the honeycomb of praise,  
Linger in roses and white jasmine  
sprays,

And marigolds that stand in yellow  
rings.

In the blue air they moan on muted  
strings,

And the blue sky of my soul's summer  
days

Shines with your light, and through  
pale violet ways,

Birds bear your name in beatings of  
their wings.

I see you all bedecked in bows of rain,  
New showers of rain against new-risen  
suns,

New tears against new light of shining  
joy.

My youth, equipped to go, turns back  
again,

Throws down its heavy pack of years  
and runs

Back to the golden house a golden boy.  
*Alfred Douglas.*

## INTERNATIONAL AND NATIONAL CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

AN ADDRESS BY PROF. DR. ADOLF HARNACK.\*

"International and National Christian Literature"—what theme could be more suitable to such an occasion as this? For we are summoned by the circumstances of this gathering to reflect upon our common possession, its extent, and how it has come into being. It is self-evident that, speaking in this festal hour, and speaking as a theologian, I shall be obliged to restrict my enquiry to our common *Christian* possession. We recognize that this does not consist in our institutions, organizations, laws and customs, and you have just heard<sup>1</sup> that the constitution of our Churches presents so many peculiar features that a foreigner can only after a long time familiarize himself with it. On the other hand, it may with equal emphasis be asserted that a long time is needed on our part so to understand the English Established Church and the various denominations as directly to appreciate the common spirit.

We have in common not only institutions, but also an acquired spiritual<sup>2</sup> wealth. The first element of this wealth is, of course, represented by the Bible and our common work upon the Bible. I need not discuss this at length, and therefore will only say that

those men who, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, created the Old Testament, and afterwards the New, have not only opened for all ages the deep springs of edification, but they have also laid a *fundamentum aere perennius* for our spiritual fellowship; and that so long as there are readers and students of the Bible they will be so strongly and intimately bound to one another that no earthly power may rend them asunder. That is the significance of the international literature as it is represented in the Bible.

Nevertheless, accepting all that has to be said concerning the Bible—its great, glorious and, indeed, inexpressible qualities—it is a book of the past, interpreted in various ways, and to some extent removed from us by the influence of a complex tradition. A fellowship in spiritual life must always rest on the indispensable basis of a *present* common literature. Moreover, not only must the living literature, the literature of the present, be common, but there must also persist from every epoch of a common historical experience one or more monuments, which are yours as well as ours, and which you reverence in common with us, if a firm spiritual unity, having its basis in literature, is really to endure between our peoples.

What, then, are the facts? What does Christendom possess, what is your possession and ours, in the form of international Christian literature? And if we have such a possession, how have we attained it, and how may we foster and develop it?

Of course, every nation has a right to seek for edification in its own way, and to create its theological literature

\* This speech, delivered (without notes) at the reception of representatives of British Churches in the Aula of the Berlin University on Tuesday morning, June 15th, 1906, has been translated by the Rev. J. H. Rushbrooke, M.A., from a stenographed German report, which however Dr. Harnack has not been able to revise. That the report is substantially accurate, the Editor of the "Contemporary Review" and the Translator, both of whom were in the audience, are able to assure the reader.

<sup>1</sup> In a preceding address by Prof. Dr. Kahl, Rector of the University.

<sup>2</sup> *Geistig* is throughout rendered "spiritual," but the English word must be understood in the broad sense of the German. The compound "spiritual-intellectual" would approximately express the meaning.

in accordance with its own needs, and it may be that the deepest things of the inner life can be expressed only in idiomatic and domestic forms, difficult of assimilation by men of another race. Yet, on the other hand, religious literature characterized by a certain elevation is always timeless. As the Psalms are timeless, and many passages in the Gospels and the New Testament—for the sake of brevity I refer only to the eighth chapter of Romans and the thirteenth of First Corinthians—it must still be possible to-day, and must have been possible in every generation, to express these things with a timeless power and warmth.

What, then, I ask, are the facts? What do we possess in common? As a matter of course, the enquiry raises at once the double issue: What have we in common as a literature of *edification*, and what in the realm of *theology*? I invite you to a brief excursion through ecclesiastical history. You need have no anxiety that it will prove too long; it will be but a rapid automobile journey, but we may observe a few facts *en route*.

As our starting-point let us select the commencement of the third century of our era. Ignoring the unimportant and ignoring mere beginnings, Christianity then possessed only *one language* in which she uttered herself, the Greek; and she formed from Lyons to Alexandria, and from Carthage to Edessa, a single spiritual unity. As her devotional literature is one, the works originating in the second century have spread everywhere with astonishing swiftness; a book written in Sardis or Pergamum in Asia Minor is within a few years to be read in Alexandria, Rome, Carthage and Lyons. The Christianity of the commencement of the third century had an essential unity of language, and, thanks to the magnificent means of communication throughout the Roman Empire, an essential

unity of literature. The conditions of that period have never since obtained, nor could they again arise. Moreover, devotional and scientific literature coincided; no division had yet been made.

Now let us consider ourselves as having passed on to the close of the fourth century. We have no longer merely a Greek Christianity, but from the point of view of language we have two great Christianities, the Greek and the Latin—the Syriac might be added, as lying on the border-line between the great and the lesser. About this time we have also to reckon in Christian literature with the Armenian and the Coptic, and there are already found the beginnings of the German-Gothic; so that on linguistic grounds there must be enumerated three great and three lesser ecclesiastical regions. How were these able to arrive at a common understanding? The period displays an extraordinary industry applied to translation from the Greek into all other national languages spoken by Christians; if one recounts what was generally known throughout the three chief areas of the Church's activity, the Greek, the Latin, and the Syriac, about the year 400, through translation from the Greek, the sum-total is surprisingly large. Alongside the Old and New Testaments, which are translated into these languages, there is found a fine series of Christian letters, such as Clement's Epistle, the Epistle of Ignatius, the Epistle of Polycarp; a common liturgy has been sketched in its fundamental characteristics; the decisions of synods held in Syria or Asia Minor are forthwith issued in far-off districts; a great number of so-called apocryphal histories of apostles are common; the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, in all probability of Irenæus, considerable extracts from Origen, legends of martyrs, and calendars of saints are common. The churches of the newer languages manifested about

A.D. 400 an intense eagerness to introduce into their own areas as much as possible of the Greek Christian literature; and, when men of moderate attainments tired of the work, there were found at the close of the epoch (during which the separation had become accentuated) such men as Hilary, Ambrose, Rufinus, Jerome and Augustine, who, from the rich treasures of Greek Christian philosophy, exegesis and dogmatics, poured their translations as it were by cartloads into the lap of the Latin Church. In considering how matters then stood in regard to the unity of the world of ideas, we find entirely independent forms of thought distinctive of the Greek and Latin spirit; yet on the whole, and despite the opposition of East and West, already conspicuous in the profane history of the age, the ties of community in experiences, judgments, and feelings remained extraordinarily far-reaching.

With the fifth and sixth centuries these ties are rent asunder, and for a double reason. In the first place, the Greeks have never been able to learn anything from the Latins, and therefore the Greeks have been involved in such ruin as has overtaken them in relation to the progress of their spiritual life; they were always too conceited to learn from the Latins, and until the time of Augustine they had not much to learn from them. But in Augustine appeared the man who—since the Greeks did not translate him—imparted to their entire development a separate direction; for it is the loss of losses in the story of the Christian Church that Augustine, and the fruitful thoughts flowing from him, have left unaffected the whole of the Eastern Church. In that fact, above all others, lies the breach between the Orient and the Occident. For we Westerns—whether we be Roman Catholic or Protestant of any denomination—continue to think the thoughts

of Augustine in spite of the modern world, and, indeed, to speak with his words. The ascetic literature of every nation furnishes the proof. Select a hymn-book or a devotional work, be it Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinistic, or aught else denominationally, and if it contains three hundred pages, assuredly two hundred are transcribed from the thoughts of Augustine.

From the point at which Greek Christendom separates itself from Western until the present day, we find no more an international spiritual unity of the entire Christian Church, notwithstanding the work of individuals moving from one church to another. In that age was granted to the Church a man who, through the power of his thought, the depth of his religious experience, through his receptiveness and his ability to utter that which he had received, has gathered the whole of the West within his gentle grasp, and holds it until this day.

The second factor accounting for the separation within Christendom at this period was the circumstance that the Greeks did not succeed—for what reasons we may here leave aside—in establishing their language as the religious and ecclesiastical speech of the entire Orient. You are aware that from the fifth century the communities of the Orient parted asunder into communities of Greek, Coptic, Armenian, Georgian, and then, above all, of Slavonic, Christians. What was unattained by Greek Christianity the Roman bishop was able to achieve; he maintained the Latin language as that of religion, and even, when necessary, enforced it. Thereby he secured a result of great advantage, since the Latin language was never enforced in private intercourse, but the popular speech was of set purpose left alongside it, so that a spiritual unity came into being in Western Christendom in spite of the persistence of national dialects. A

man who had studied Christianity, or was beginning to study it, might find himself in Oxford or Palermo, in Paris or Bologna, in Cologne or Naples, he was intelligible everywhere; he could to-day be transferred from any one of these cities and to-morrow take up work in another, as easily as if he were remaining in his fatherland and in the circle of his friends.

How came it to pass that a scientific theology, treating of the religious experience and outlook, was shaped in those days, a theology which, by all who are not enslaved to prejudice, can only be gazed on with astonishment and admiration; how came into existence this spiritual unity, which only sheer folly could deprecate? I have named the two chief influences, the Roman bishops and Augustine. But there succeeded immediately the period of triumphant barbarism; in the sixth and seventh centuries all civilization sank into decay; how is it that Augustine has survived? If the question is raised as to who—leaving aside the ecclesiastical institutions—created the spiritual unity of the Middle Ages, to whom is the chief credit due, I answer without hesitation: England. The great triple constellation, Bede, Boniface and Alcuin, represents the concrete effective theology and the religious culture of the time. Rome in the seventh century was not in a position directly to offer the gifts of civilization and theological culture to the peoples whom she influenced; but in the Green Island and in Great Britain after the coming of Augustine of Canterbury, work was carried on with such devotion that already about the year 700 the metropolis of theological science and antiquarian knowledge, so far as such then existed, was in Great Britain. Thence Charlemagne was supported by Alcuin and others; they created the college at Tours; they revived Augustine; and their effective-

ness endures to the present day, for it may be said that the letters which we now write and print are those which, after the barbarism of the Merovingian period, were fashioned in the school of Alcuin according to the best examples of antiquity. We write to-day in Alcuin's characters. To Englishmen who came to the Continent is due what the Middle Ages possessed of science, intellectual vigor, and alertness.

This unity remained an effective force until the thirteenth century. Distinctive qualities—ignoring quite isolated exceptions—asserted themselves only within the limits of this general conception; although individualism in abundance was found, there appeared no individuality in which this Latin-Roman spirit was not manifest, and which did not strike root and bear fruit in this soil.

But everything has its own time. The separate nations arose, attaining their maturity through the Roman Church and mediæval science, but also as a matter of course through the native energy rooted in themselves; and the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries beheld the first serious, and henceforth unsleeping, opposition between the internationality of the Church and nationality. The internationality of the Roman Church called forth successive national counter-movements in Christendom, science and art, in the effort to preserve life in its own distinctive forms. The various peoples had little or no correspondence with neighboring States; although at certain periods there are found vital reciprocal relations between France and England, it remains true that in general each people carried on its battle for itself. There is really only one statesman in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and again he is found in England, in the person of Wiclif, who exercised a most energetic direct influence upon the Bohemian Movement, and indi-



rectly through this and other channels also upon us. If we ask, what is the greatest national movement of pre-Reformation times, contending with that internationality which no longer sufficed, the answer must again be that the greatest national movement within Christendom before the Reformation is the English Movement under Wiclif, since this had certain not inconsiderable international consequences for the whole of Western Christianity. From this period, when in the realms of devotion, theology, and jurisprudence the nation is already at strife with internationality, comes the one devotional work of the Catholic Church which to-day possesses an international significance, Thomas à Kempis' *Imitatio Christi*. I know of no other book from this whole period, still extant among us, whose effects are comparable with those of this work, since even Thomas Aquinas, Francis, and Anselm have not become international in the sense that the majority of educated Christians know of their works or have read them.

Then follows the Reformation, of German origin in its starting-point and in its motive power. In earlier generations the Germans have offered nothing to internationality, but now they appear with full hands. For although a Reformed Church may here be named from Zwingli, there from Calvin, elsewhere from any third, fourth or fifth, the great eye of Luther beams always behind all. He has nevertheless been unable to make the worth and charm of his personality felt anywhere outside Germany; internationally, Luther as a personality is as little understood and as inadequately interpreted as if he were but an obscure professor of the third rank. This fact does not exclude the possibility of saying what I have already said in the case of Augustine (where the statement is still more obviously

true) that the words of to-day are his words, the thoughts of to-day his thoughts, and that behind Calvin, Bucer, Cranmer, and whatever others we may name, in their grandest achievements and widest conquests of knowledge, is discernible the great figure of Luther. Notwithstanding this, he has not exercised an international influence upon literature. In England you have created for yourselves your scientific and devotional writings. Bucer, indeed, has been absorbed by you as if he were one of yourselves; you have erased the German elements of his influence, and he has, in fact, become half an Englishman. In the sphere of the Western Church nationalism had already become so powerful that the Reformation at first created neither a common theological nor a common devotional literature. There is only one exception before the nineteenth century—namely, the German hymnody, which, although it penetrated but feebly into the sister Churches of Protestantism, has passed over to them, and passes over to-day in enlarging volume.

When arose, then, a new community? Little as we desire to undervalue that which, in spite of national limitations, was common in the fundamental ideas and opinions of the Reformed Churches of the sixteenth century, this gained no prominence, but slumbered in the depths of the heart; nowhere in literature or society is internationality to be met with: all is national. Then again England appears, to call forth a movement, as to whose worth our opinions would probably differ seriously—I place it very high—which became really international. This was the English Deistic *Aufklärung* in the seventeenth century. We cannot here discuss how this originated in English political and social relations; it is a simple fact that these men, of whom but a few were of the

first rank, but very many of the second, have changed the spiritual (*geistig*) face of Europe. The English theosophy, the movement of *Aufklärung* proceeding from England in the second half of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, worked as a unity, and as a penetrating ferment, upon the educated society of Europe. The *Aufklärung* of the eighteenth century is in its modern and valuable issues far less conditioned by Voltaire than by the English Deists, whose writings were copiously translated into German and are an essential pre-condition of our Rationalism and our *Aufklärung*; they created at that time among Christian men the consciousness of a spiritual depth mediated by God. Not until Jean Jacques Rousseau did the significance and influence of the English Deists cease to be the first in Western Europe.

Then followed the nineteenth century, the century of cosmopolitanism, of ideas intended to link humanity, emphatically an epoch of history, and therefore of nationalism. Yet in this century much has taken place in the interchange of Christian ideas and works among the nations, and especially between you and ourselves. Admittedly, let us at once say, we have made no great advance in common devotional literature. Certain preachers of yours, such as Kingsley and Robertson—to name only these two—have found many hearers among us. The works of one man whom I would reckon among the preachers of edification, Carlyle, are so highly esteemed by us, and so many seek their edification from him, that he can hold no higher place even in his own land. In these men we have been granted a common possession, for edification and for the deepening of our insight into human relations. On the other hand, I scarcely think it possible to name a German devotional work, or a German preacher

of the last sixty years, that may be said to have edified many nations. It is very much easier to produce six brilliant scientific treatises than to deliver or write one sermon which is timeless. I venture, nevertheless, the opinion that in the realm of spiritual culture a common possession is arising, and this is of the highest importance, for man lives from such bread, even if the newspapers know little of it!

As to theological literature, we stand under the mighty, the gigantic influence of the great men granted us at the commencement of the nineteenth century—some of whom are looking down upon you here<sup>2</sup>—Fichte and Hegel, Neander and Schleiermacher—and by them we are entrusted, whether we will or not, with the carrying through of a great scientific task. The task is, in fact, thrust upon us through the work of these men; and if it is occasionally said that the Germans maintain a "two-Power standard" in theological science, we are entitled to reply that we do so not of set purpose, but as something included within the range of the duties laid upon us by our ancestors.

However, within the last decades, of which we now speak, the English have accomplished a task which the Greeks did not: they have translated us. I gladly embrace the opportunity of thanking them to-day. In that matter we are far behind you, and have only one excuse to offer—perhaps it is sufficient—that we also understand you *without* translation. That, however, cannot suffice if we desire that our students and such as have not been driven, as I have by the necessities of life, to learn English, should also be able to read you. It was a remarkable display of foresight on the part of the English that from the beginning, as theology raised her head in Germany, they

<sup>2</sup> A reference to the busts adorning the walls of the Aula.

have regarded our work with a critical yet friendly eye, and have incorporated in their own literature one book after another. The path has thus been opened to spiritual fellowship.

Now on the other hand, as to the practical achievement. In the middle of the last century especially, the English work upon the Bible and the history of Christendom was undertaken with extraordinary energy; it gave the impression that they intended to set up for themselves a "two-Power standard" here also. Such men as Hort, Westcott, Lightfoot, Hatch (to name only these), set to work so vigorously that we—in the seventies, for example—received, one after another, theological books of which we were obliged to confess that we would gladly have had them in German. I may add that this is still the case, and the scientific ecclesiastical literature of the English is of such a quality that we, who to-day stand together as two friends, are gladly co-operating with the full power of each.

Such is the present position. I can but express the sincere desire that this community of labor in the theological sciences may endure, for I recognize

*The Contemporary Review.*

that if you English and we Germans work together here we compel other nations (so far as they study theology) to listen to us, and they are doing so. I can only wish the continuance of this co-operation, undisturbed in any direction by limitation of freedom, and that with the earnest study of the Bible there may also proceed a deepening and enlarging unity in all that makes for spiritual culture, the goal of our desire. Luther once said that the word of God is like a passing downpour of rain (*Platzregen*). To-day it is here, my friends; help us to retain it, or it will vanish and be lost. Science may also be as a passing downpour, and if we fall in the hour of opportunity our spiritual capital will be lost. Embrace we the opportunity, and our theological science becomes one of the mightiest and surest foundations of lasting friendship between our nations. United in science and in Christianity, the cry of "War" sounds as the utterance of lunacy, a voice from depths we have left far behind. On the first page of the Bible it is written: "Replenish the earth, and subdue it." Subdue the earth, but as brothers!

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## THE DISEASES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. \*

The topic on which I am venturing to speak is one upon which it is, perhaps, presumptuous for me to touch. But one of the purposes I have in view, one of the morals I am anxious to draw, is that the House of Commons is a matter of general interest—not merely of interest to its members—and, therefore, that every citizen in the country is entitled, and even bound, to consider the question of its efficiency for the purposes for which it exists.

\* A speech delivered before the Westminster Catholic Dining Society.

That the House of Commons has fallen in reputation during recent years will, I think, scarcely be disputed by any attentive student of public opinion. I do, indeed, remember hearing the House of Commons described by an eminent member as "the most august of human institutions," but that, as I thought at the time, was simply an illustration of the tendency of human beings to hide an unwelcome truth from themselves by making an exaggerated statement in direct opposition

to it. Nowadays, it may truly be said, the clever young man who used to sneer at the House of Lords sneers at the House of Commons; and that fact marks the decay of the reputation it used to enjoy. There is no counterbalancing compensation to be found in the opinion of those better qualified to form a judgment. The member of the House of Commons is commonly not at all disposed to rally in defence of its reputation. On the contrary, if you get him alone, if you get him anywhere away from the ears of the reporter, he will generally take the lead in criticising the assembly to which he belongs.

Some of the diseases of the House of Commons are so familiar that it would be tedious to dwell on them at great length. First, there is the evil of obstruction; that is to say, discussion carried on not for the purpose of elucidating a subject, or giving information upon it, or educating the uninstructed outside, but simply of consuming time. And associated with that evil is the corresponding evil of remedies for obstruction, which have culminated in the frequent use of what is called "the guillotine." Though every one can appreciate these evils, it is necessary to be of the House of Commons rightly to estimate their gravity; on the one hand the degree to which members, persons even of considerable ability, are content to bend their minds to no other object but the expenditure of as much time as possible in the observations they may make; and, on the other, the extraordinary absurdity of a mechanical closure on discussion, coming at the most inopportune moments, sometimes at the very crisis of a discussion of evident importance, which results in the adoption of paragraphs and even pages of legislation without the slightest deliberation—it requires a close study of the institution to realize in

its full magnitude the extent of these evils. It is only when you have sat through a debate which is to be closed by the guillotine that you understand how vain a discussion becomes which is automatically to be brought to a conclusion. Those opposed to a Bill delight in turning into ridicule the proceedings of the assembly, insisting upon discussion of the less rather than the more important topics, while the Government promoting the Bill care very little what is said in the debate. They have only to wait till it is over, like persons standing in an archway till the rain shower shall abate. I surely need not dilate on these evils beyond recalling the fact that they exist.

Another less noticed evil is one that may be described as the evil of the empty house. Nothing can be more astounding than the experience of an enthusiastic stranger who obtains (or, rather, I should say, in happier times obtained) an order for the Gallery, and is present on the occasion of some great discussion, perhaps on the Army or Navy estimates, when it may happen that the number of members present is less than the legal quorum, and when, except for the Minister in charge of the estimates, there is no one of the slightest distinction or interest to look at or to listen to. That, I believe, at any rate to the extent to which it now exists, is a new phenomenon. I reckon the palmy period of the House of Commons' existence to have been between 1832 and 1878. I do not think you can find in English history a period in which, by general consent, the House of Commons played a more creditable, dignified and useful part. Some people may consider that the Long Parliament was greater, some may prefer the claims of that of 1689. But those were great controversial occasions, remote from our quiet needs and habits. 1832-78 was the palmy

period of the House of Commons as we know it and think of it. During that period there were, doubtless, many occasions when the sittings were badly attended, but when business of importance was on hand members of the first rank of ability thought it their duty to be present. In Lord Beaconsfield's Government of 1874 every Minister was expected to be usually on the Bench for important business, and was there as an ordinary rule. There is a remarkable account of regular attendance at an earlier date in Lord George Bentinck's life. He thought it necessary, when he was playing a great part in the House of Commons, to be present regularly during the whole sitting, remaining from 4.30 to 1 or 2 in the morning without leaving even to get food. When he went home, of course, he had a large supper late at night, the consequence of which was that he died of heart disease. There is no defending this practice, but he felt he must be there because, if not, some return or motion would slip through before anyone was aware. That represents a House of Commons altogether different from the present assembly. The idea of a motion or a return slipping through while no one is looking has an almost mythical air, and the leader of a party being present during the whole sitting is almost incredible to our experience.

What is the extent of this change? Perhaps it will be convenient if I briefly refer to the different kinds of debate, the extent to which this evil of the empty House exists, and the changes which have taken place in respect of the different kinds of debate.

I reckon there are four different kinds of debate which are of importance in the present House of Commons. First, there is the occasion of Government statements: These are always very well attended. They are

not very frequent. The Budget is a typical case, or the Navy Estimates. The other day a debate began with a great statement and then developed into controversial deliberation.

Secondly, there is the great parliamentary field day, when the parties have a fixed pitched battle. The only change which the student of parliamentary debate will notice in these is that the speeches are less elaborate and thorough than they used to be. It is very interesting to look up a great debate in Hansard, and to see what sort of speech was thought adequate in olden times. Every one must be struck by the fact that speeches were then very much longer and more thorough on a great occasion than they are to-day. Mr. Gladstone's great speeches extended to two or three hours, and sometimes longer still. Lord Palmerston's famous Don Pacifico speech lasted for five hours. No one thought it at all odd that a distinguished politician should rise at midnight or one in the morning and deliver a speech, even of great length. In Lord George Bentinck's life there is a little incident of this kind which is striking. The effect of Peel's reforms on the colonies was reached late at night—not as a part of the question under discussion but as a new motion coming up. Lord George thought it not at all inconvenient, and nobody else was surprised, that he should then rise and make a long speech full of statistics; and debate followed.

Thirdly, there are debates on grievances. The Committee of Supply is the great occasion for these, and the only change that really has taken place here is one in the relations of the Government and the House. Formerly the Government was called to account by the House as by a superior. The old forms are to some extent kept up, but bit by bit the reality has been modi-

fled; and now, I think, it is not untrue to say that a very considerable part of the debates on grievances is taken up by individual members, who bring the grievances in which they or their constituents are interested before the Government, very much in the way that a person in some Oriental country may bring his grievance before the Pasha and seek for redress. The change to be noticed here is that the Government are now supreme, and the individual member brings his grievance before them. In olden days the House of Commons was the superior and called the Government to account.

Fourthly and finally, there are the real debates for deliberation, such as the proceedings on a Bill. In the olden days, and even within my recollection, deliberation was more elaborate than now. Formerly there were long debates on the main principles of a Bill, while the details passed with comparative ease. Then there came a time when the Committee stage was greatly prolonged, and discussion, half obstructive, half useful, was poured on to the details. But now this is diminishing, and is even less than when I left the House of Commons. The mode of procedure now in a Committee of the whole House on the Bill is to debate before empty benches, and, if the Bill is a controversial one, under the guillotine. The consequence is that the whole system of deliberation is altered, and it is scarcely ever possible to impose a change upon the Government in the legislation they have proposed. And Government legislation is now the only controversial legislation. In earlier times no inconsiderable part of the time of the House was devoted to private members' legislation on which the deliberative power of the House was quite unrestricted. Speeches were made which were directed to persuasion, and which did persuade.

Speeches made on private members' business influenced the House in important decisions. Now, all controversial legislation originates with the Government, and with the Government alone; and it is the rarest thing in the world for the Government to be forced seriously to modify their legislative proposals. Accordingly, the deliberative function of the House has sunk to insignificance, except on Bills relating to private interests, technically called Private Bills. Deliberation has sunk into a subordinate position altogether. There is, in short, no room for persuasion. That is the source of all the House of Commons' diseases. In olden days, even within the last thirty years, there were occasions on which great speeches were made which produced an immediate and powerful effect. And apart from immediate effects there is the case of ultimate persuasion. Though for the moment no change in votes may be made, the majority feel uncomfortable, they are conscious of defeat in the debate, and though, on that particular night, no change is observable, they are uneasy, remonstrating with the Government in private and ultimately changing the decision of the House. That still happens occasionally, I believe, but much more rarely than it used to.

The function of persuasion in the life of the House of Commons is steadily diminishing, and it is diminishing because there is no one to persuade. This is the source of all the evils I have alluded to. People do not obstruct because they like obstructing, but because they have nothing else to do, because it is useless to try to persuade. The uselessness of persuasion leads to obstruction, and obstruction to "the guillotine." So, too, with the empty House. No one cares to sit on the benches of the House of Commons if the debate can have no real result,



if it is known beforehand that people may speak till they are hoarse and influence nobody. The only occasions on which the members care to attend are the occasions when there are other interests—when there is a great statement or a speech in itself interesting. They won't attend to the ordinary deliberative business of the House, even when it is highly important, because they know that persuasion is useless. If there were any members of Parliament who were open to persuasion, the evils of which we have been speaking would be cured directly. Indeed, it is remarkable that on the rare occasions when there is any doubt as to the result the debate is raised to a higher level. Members attend; the debate is spirited and interesting. The bore—the member to whom no one wishes to listen—is suppressed, not by his opponents, but by his own friends, who will not allow him to spoil their opportunity of persuading some one known to be in doubt. This better tone was illustrated in the Home Rule debates, when the House was nearly balanced. It was also apparent in the Fiscal debates in the last Parliament. On the Ministerial side there was a batch of Unionists known to be in doubt. Accordingly the Liberal party were most anxious to put forward their case as strongly as possible, and exercised the most severe censorship over those who were allowed to take part in it. I was much struck on one occasion by the discourtesy with which a tedious speaker was checked by those sitting round him.

Some people will say, "All this is very true, but it does not much matter. We do not care whether the House of Commons deliberates or not. In the end the people will decide, and all that has really taken place of recent years is that the process of deliberation has been transferred from the House of Commons to the country."

I am quite clear that, if deliberation, in the true sense of the word, does not take place in the House of Commons, it will take place nowhere. Deliberation in the country is not a reality in the sense that it is a reality in an assembly. In the country it is chiefly conducted by the Press, who are largely the exponents of wealthy interests. We are but at the beginning of a development in that direction, which is sure to go further. The Press will speak the mind of a certain number of wealthy people who can start or buy newspapers with a political object in view. Discussion by the Press cannot be so disinterested, nor at such close quarters, and is never so candid as discussion in an assembly, where people are face to face and bring one another to book. And, however the discussion be conducted, the electors themselves have no opportunity of deciding any particular issue. They are obliged to decide between two very broad syntheses of issues. One party puts forward a case extending over a great number of political issues, and another party advocates the opposite case. At the present moment we are told that the next General Election will be fought on two dominant issues—Free Trade and the House of Lords. What possibility of deliberation has an elector in such a situation? How is he to determine on either of these issues? He will also have to consider the question of Education, the question of Licensing, and the personal merits of the candidates before him. Therefore, there can be no real decision on any one particular issue submitted to him. Then again, the machinery of electioneering being so elaborate, the choice of a candidate is placed to a large extent in the hands of political organizations. A large proportion of the electorate are apathetic; consequently any candidate must have some sort of organization behind him. It

follows that the electorate cannot have submitted to them any point of view upon an issue which has not behind it a certain amount of organized support. On all these grounds—the influence of the Press, the complexity of the issues, and the organization necessary to modern electioneering—there can be no true deliberation by the electorate.

The old idea of Parliament was that the electorate should decide not upon measures but upon men. They selected certain men who, they thought, were to be trusted to express the mind of the Commons of England, and these gentlemen, so selected, freely decided on the issues submitted to the House of Commons. In Burke's famous speech to the electors of Bristol he pointed out that a member was a member of Parliament, not a member of Bristol; that he was part of the body of Parliament, not in any sense the agent of the electorate. He was sent as a representative man to take part as a member of a body in representing the mind of the Commons. That idea in its full perfection has long been only partly insisted upon, but it is only in our own time that it has been formally cast aside. During the last fifty or sixty years it has been slowly losing in force. The electorate are supposed more and more to decide upon parties and abstract propositions, and less and less on the merits of the individual they send to Parliament. The idea that the electorate can really be a deliberative body has grown stronger and stronger, so that the House of Commons has changed its character and almost abandoned its deliberative function. And this abandoned function of the House of Commons no one else can perform. The Cabinet is a deliberative body of great importance, but, sitting in secret and being small in numbers, it cannot exercise the same sort of deliberative function. The

House of Lords, though it is in a degree a substitute for the old deliberative powers of the House of Commons, though it discusses many questions more deliberately than the House of Commons does, nevertheless cannot take its place. The House of Lords is for Legislative purposes seriously handicapped by having so great a preponderance of one party; and it is also hindered from entering upon any strictly financial issue.

What do I put forward as the remedy of these evils? A remedy, which I believe would be of a certain value, is to establish some proportional representation. I do not urge that as desiring to see groups in the House of Commons. I do not think the formally organized group will prevail in politics during our lifetime, but what I desire to see is that there should be in each party a persuadable element. There should be no more enormous majorities, and a certain number of members should be attached loosely to their party, so that there should be an important persuadable element in each. It is not the group that I advocate but the luke-warm partisan, the person who sits loosely to his party and is open to persuasion. That reform would certainly destroy obstruction and regulate the length of speeches as they ought to be regulated. The people who could speak to profit would speak long, and those who could not would speak short. The moment there was a persuadable element, the House of Commons would begin to take itself seriously. In the case of the human body, when one organ is out of health everything goes wrong. If you can restore the strength of that organ everything is cured. Make the House of Commons debates really deliberative, and all these evils will cure themselves. When I speak of persuadable people, it must not be forgotten that everybody would not be persuadable

on all issues. A is persuadable on one question, B on another, and so on. This is not a new idea. In Lord Palmerston's day there were some thirty Conservative members who commonly supported his last Government, and it was only by their support that he held office for six years. The objection to this suggestion is that it would reduce the constitution to chaos, that no one could reckon from day to day on what the House of Commons would do. I do not think that is really an objection which in practice would be operative. It is quite true that you would have to alter to some extent the conventions now regulating the relations of the Cabinet and the House of Commons. It is regarded now as a serious parliamentary disaster if the Government are put in the minority on any question. You would have to abandon that idea, because in any House of Commons in which the Government had not a large majority there would be frequent occasions on which on minor issues they would fail to carry their point. But there is no sort of reason why we should not go back to the older parliamentary system, when no one thought it dangerous on a minor question for the Government to be placed in a minority. It is remarkable that the power of the House of Commons has diminished just because it must never disagree with the Government; its slightest dissent is fatal to the Government, so it is constrained always to agree.

Finally, let me ask the question, Is it worth while maintaining the deliberative function? Let it be granted that unless it is maintained in the House of Commons it will be maintained nowhere. Is it worth having? I do not plead for the House of Commons because it is an ancient institution, or because it is the mother of parliaments. By all means let any in-

stitution, however venerable, be cast aside if its usefulness is at an end. But I do plead for government by discussion. I am quite sure that what makes England a great country is that English people believe in liberty; and liberty cannot be upheld without government by discussion, and by free discussion. If I were asked to state in a sentence why the English people have attained to their world-wide greatness, I should say it is because they believe in liberty and do not believe in equality. That is why they can govern subject races and harmonize a complex colonial system with all the developments of modern times. But if we lose government by discussion we lose the apparatus of liberty, and we imperil liberty itself. To save it we must influence opinion. Opinion must be taught to set itself against the recent developments in the character of the House of Commons and in the methods of its business. Formal alterations, however valuable, will never do anything without opinion. It is because I am persuaded that opinion must re-establish in the minds of English people that the deliberations of the House of Commons are almost a sacred matter, because they secure to us the heritage of liberty that I bring this topic forward for discussion today. Such discussions are valuable as forming opinion—the seed from which the harvest will be reaped in some great political movement not now visible. It is by casual discussion, by one man speaking to his neighbor, and to a few gathered together in a room, that opinion is gradually built up. I submit to this Society that it really is their duty, as patriotic citizens of this country, to rally to the idea that the deliberative function of the House of Commons is worth saving and redeeming; so that we may secure such alterations in the law as may be necessary and, above all, may sustain by

the support, which public applause and approval alone can give, those who seek to uphold independence in Parlia-  
The Dublin Review.

ment as a valuable ideal, as a precious element in public life.

*Hugh Cecil.*

## HARDY-ON-THE HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS  
(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER XI.

"Why was it not I?" This was the burden of Kitty's thoughts. If she had only jumped as Sheba had first suggested, and before Stephen had come to their aid! She had shrunk back, cowardly as usual, as she told herself, preferring rather to wait passively for death, than to seek it of her own accord.

If she had only jumped she would have died, as Sheba had died, and, after all, death can come but once. Or if Stephen, in obedience to Sheba, had rescued Kitty first, both would have been saved, but he had said, "You first," to Sheba. In the midst of her grief and remorse, the recollection stabbed her. Sheba first, let Kitty take her chance. It was right, a thousand times right, and not for all the world would she have grudged the dead girl her moment's triumph. Stephen had chosen her then of his free will, if he had not chosen her before. Kitty was glad for her sake, but she wished with all her weary soul that she too were lying with hands folded, and heart still for ever.

Mrs. Hardy told her that same night that she had kept from Stephen the story of Sheba's search for him and of the message left with her.

"There, it could but vex and grieve en now," she explained. "'Twas a mistake, and it never can be cleared up; 'tis best the poor fellow should know nothing of it. I thought I'd ax

you to keep the secret too. She's at rest, poor dear, an' lookin' that beautiful, it fair makes me cry to see her. You'll come across to-morrow, won't ye?"

"I'll keep Sheba's secret, Mrs. Hardy," said Kitty. "But I don't know if I dare go and look at her. If it hadn't been for me she'd be alive now. It was to save me she jumped out of Mr. Hardy's arms."

"Well, well, and the Lard 'ull reward her for it," groaned Rebecca. "'Twas none of your fault, my dear, and don't you think it. Sheba was took for her good, ye may be sure o' that. Ye have but to look at her to see how happy she be."

They had carried the poor girl's body to the farm upon the hill, and on the following day the inquest took place.

Kitty, to her horror, was obliged to appear as witness. She gave her evidence falteringly, being oppressed by the inward consciousness of the purport of her last conversation with Sheba, though naturally her statements were confined to the circumstances which could possibly throw light on the origin of the fire. Her wish to keep secret Sheba's intention of leaving the cottage, resulting as it did, from her resolution to break with her lover, made her dread that she should be questioned as to Baverstock's possible motive in locking the bedroom door, an action which she inferred was connected with his desire to prevent the

impending departure. Luckily old Richard's character and habits were so well known that nobody dreamed of inquiring into the reason of his action, though the few words he had spoken to Stephen would seem to prove that he was the cause of the tragedy. He had been discovered in a drunken sleep by the roadside, and hurried, still in a dazed condition, to give evidence. No coherent statement, however, could be elicited from him, and nobody who contemplated the wretched, broken-down creature, or listened to his rambling, inarticulate speech, could have held him worthy to be treated as a responsible being. A verdict was returned of "Death from misadventure," and Stephen undertook to ensure that Baverstock did no more harm to the community. Through his means the old man found a refuge in a home for inebriates, where he passed the remainder of his days in great comfort, though he never ceased to lament, with equal paths, the absence of his accustomed stimulant and the malevolent effects of cold water.

"If it hadn't a-been for the water, my maid 'ud be alive now," he would say, shaking his head. "I told her harm would come o' living so nigh to the river, but there, she wouldn't take any advice, and now she be drowned."

When the inquest was over and the Big Farm with its lowered blinds was once more still, Kitty crept out of her room and made her way cautiously across the road and up the flagged path which led to her landlord's house; she had only proceeded a few paces when pattering steps behind her made her start.

"I guessed you were going to see poor Sheba," said Bess, passing her arm through hers, "and so I thought I'd come too. I don't like you to go alone, it might be too much for you, my poor Kitty."

She spoke in a subdued tone, and

looked at her sister with dim eyes. She was full of sympathy for her, and was moreover shaken by the tragic occurrence.

Though Kitty would have preferred to go alone, she made no protest, and entering the farm, the two girls were motioned upstairs by Mrs. Hardy, whose face was disfigured with weeping.

"Funeral's to be day after to-morrow," she informed them in a loud whisper, "and I am mortal busy. Stephen wants everything o' the very best. But go straight up, dears,—'tis the room at the top o' the stairs."

As they opened the door, Stephen, who had been standing by the bed, slipped hastily past them, and went out without speaking.

"She looks beautiful," said Bess, in an awestruck voice.

The tranquil face of the dead girl was indeed stamped with a beauty greater than it had possessed in life; the features seemed chiselled in marble—Bess afterwards descanted on their almost classical regularity—the long lashes lay placidly on the fine-grained cheek, the dark hair waved over the smooth brow. But Kitty noted none of these things. She saw the smile, the settled serenity of the expression—the look of space—of absolute security—and she thought once more of how Sheba, at the very instant of her supreme self-sacrifice, had possessed all that life could give. Looking down at the unruffled brow, she could scarcely credit that it belonged to the passionate creature whose scathing words were still ringing in her ears. She would think of them no more, she vowed, she would keep Sheba's secret, even as those smiling lips must perforce keep hers. Stooping, she kissed hands and brow, and then went sorrowfully downstairs, followed by Bess. Stephen was standing in the yard, and Bess stopped as they passed.

"Mr. Hardy," she said in a voice full of sympathy, and gazing at him with eyes brimming with compassionate tears, "I can't tell you how sorry we are—both of us. I can feel for you now in a special manner. I don't know what I should do if—"

She broke off to shudder, glancing at the ring which gleamed on her finger, and continued hastily:

"I know what you must be going through—you who loved her so."

"I am going through—enough," said Stephen in an oddly harsh voice, turning away to end the conversation.

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A melancholy winter followed on this gloomy autumn, Christmas being unbrightened by any festivities at the Big Farm, which was still, as Mrs. Hardy said, a house of mourning.

The Herlots were abroad, and the Grange in consequence shut up; the Leslies exchanged few civilities with their other neighbors, including Mrs. Turnworth, whose animadversions on the subject of Bess's future had proved more than the prospective bride could bear. The engagement had now come to be considered an established fact, but the marriage was not to take place for a year, not, in fact, till Bess had celebrated her nineteenth birthday.

Meanwhile Mr. Raymond came and went, and Bess sometimes tried to live up to him, and sometimes petulantly declared this achievement to be unattainable. Nevertheless, in whatever mood he found her, her imperturbable wooer seemed equally content. In the spring the monotony of the sisters' lives was varied by another short visit to London. Bess enjoyed the importance of going about with Mr. Raymond, being introduced to his friends, and escorted by him to theatres and other places of entertainment. Kitty accompanied her father to the British Museum, or stayed at home and helped him to correct his proofs. She was

glad to return to the country though a barrier seemed to have risen between her and the Hardys. Rebecca did indeed visit her sometimes, and, now and then, having made sure that Stephen was absent, Kitty would run up to the farm on the hill and spend an hour in Rebecca's company; but the former cheerful intercourse seemed impossible now.

Mr. Leslie's book was published in September, and, contrary to his daughters' expectations proved a great and immediate success. It attracted the attention not only of his own scholarly compatriots, but of thinkers in almost every country in Europe.

He bore his honors without any undue elation, expressing indeed surprise, and not infrequently annoyance, when letters flowed in upon him and great men sought to make his acquaintance.

But he showed real satisfaction and pride when he was invited to deliver the Romaine Lecture in the following November, and set out for Oxford in the highest spirits.

The girls accompanied him, Kitty finding as much pain as pleasure in revisiting the familiar scenes, and Bess torn between the natural importance of returning an engaged woman to the place that had known her as a child, and a certain unconquerable longing to throw aside her responsibilities and frolic as of yore with the youth about her.

She was in this latter mood one day, shortly after the lecture had taken place, when Raymond, having vainly searched for her elsewhere, discovered her sitting pensively on a bench in Addison's Walk. Teddy had offered to take her out in a "canader," but she had refused, knowing that her betrothed would expect her to walk with him. Her little nose was pinched and red, and she sat twirling her engagement ring disconsolately round and round the finger of her ungloved left



hand. If she dared to follow her own inclinations, she would have asked Mr. Raymond to take her to see the hockey match now going on in the parks; but he would probably want to escort her to the Bodeleian. He sat down beside her, smiling kindly—

"You look cold," he said, "and dismal. I am afraid I've kept you waiting, but I did not remember that you had appointed to meet me here."

Bess had done nothing of the kind, but did not think it necessary to say so; she had, indeed, felt a perverse pleasure in the thought that her wooer would find it difficult to discover her whereabouts. She smiled sweetly now, and then sighed.

"It makes me feel so old to come back here," she said, "dreadfully old. Kitty and I used to have such fun—in former days. We used to make up parties for picnics and things, and had so many friends. But most of the men we knew have gone down—and of course, anyhow, under present circumstances it would never do for me to play about as I used."

Mr. Raymond smiled encouragingly, and then, without replying to Bess's pathetic speech, remarked that he had brought her a piece of news which he thought would cheer her up.

"I wanted to be the first to tell you," he added; "it is great news, Bess."

His eyes were shining, his face full of triumphant joy.

"Kitty's engaged!" exclaimed Bess.

"Good gracious, no!" he rejoined, vexed for the moment. "What put such an idea as that into your head?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bess, confused. "There's such lots of men here—I thought—but of course it was silly of me."

"After all how could you guess?" returned he, once more kind and jubilant. "This news concerns your father, but indirectly concerns you all, for you will both be proud of the honor done him,

and Kitty at least will benefit materially by his good fortune. He has been offered the Chair of Poetry, Bess. It has been thought of here for some time, and his lecture clenched matters. The emoluments are by no means to be despised, he will probably live here altogether—it will be a good exchange for the Little Farm."

"Oh," cried Bess, clasping her hands, while tears jumped to her eyes—not tears of joy, as Mr. Raymond at first supposed, but tears of genuine, unmistakable distress. "Oh, if I'd only known! What a good time Kitty will have."

"My dear child," said Raymond very seriously.

"Oh, I can't help it," sobbed Bess. "I know I'm a beast, but still I am very young, and it's dreadful to be finishing one's life just when one might be beginning it, and have to be staid and matronly and all that, when I might be having—a real fling."

The tears were running down her face now; visions of unnumbered undergraduate adorers, of river parties, picnics, dances, delirious excitement of Elights Weeks and Commem—*all*, *all* would fall to the lot of the free and happy Kitty while she was trying to live up to the standard of her elderly husband. Mr. Raymond's voice broke in upon her meditations.

"The mistake is not irremediable—it can easily be put to rights, my dear little girl," he said. "Give me back that ring."

Bess looked up with a gasp. His face was pale, and had suddenly aged.

"Give me the ring," he repeated firmly. "You shall have back your freedom, child."

The sight of his face, the sound of his voice roused something in Bess which had hitherto lain dormant, unguessed at by any one except Raymond himself—something not thoroughly awake yet, but which nevertheless

pulsed and stirred. For a moment the childish soul rose to the heights of womanhood. She stretched out her hand—not the hand that wore the ring, and clasped his.

"No," she said, "I couldn't do that. I couldn't break my word—besides I—I do think I love you. I wasn't really sure till *now*," she added naively.

Her eyes met his, and Raymond, after one glance at them, stooped and kissed her.

"God bless you, my little Bess," he said, "And now give me back that ring—you shall have your fling, my child—you shall dance and play and flirt as much as you like. Perhaps some day you will have had enough of it, and then if you have not changed your mind with regard to a certain old fellow, you will find him waiting still."

## CHAPTER XII. THE LAST.

All preparations had been made for a hasty flitting, and Mr. Leslie and Bess joyfully prepared to begin life afresh under prosperous auspices. But Kitty secretly mourned; it seemed to her that she had taken root in this green remote corner, where, nevertheless, she had loved and suffered so much; the very tendrils of her heart seemed to cling to it, and she scarcely knew how she should endure being torn away from it.

A day or two before that fixed for their departure she gathered some violets and carried them to Sheba's grave; having arranged them in a little wreath upon the sodden grass, she leaned against the cross which headed it, so lost in thought that she did not hear Stephen Hardy's approach.

"I thought you were coming here," he said, as she turned with a start, "and I followed you—it's easier to say it here. I owe it both to the poor girl lying here, as well as yourself. I wronged you both."

"Oh, no," said Kitty faintly, "not me—you didn't wrong me."

"I wronged ye in my heart," he cried, "I think ye knew that. I was too harsh—too hard—altogether unjust. I beg your pardon."

"Oh, you were right to blame me," returned Kitty. "I deserved to lose your good opinion. And I was unjust too."

"Nay, my good opinion isn't worth much," he returned sorrowfully. "God knows it isn't. 'Twas natural enough for you—so young as you were—scarcely more than a child, to be a bit weak—but I! It little became me to set myself up in judgment."

He glanced downward at the grave and went on brokenly:—

"I did her a cruel wrong in asking her to marry me, for I never loved her as she ought to ha' been loved—the thought o' that's been my punishment. It's lain heavy on my heart ever since I lost her, and I couldn't part from you wi'out your knowing the truth."

"Oh, don't say that now," cried Kitty, with deep emotion; "don't say it here. Don't forget—your last words to her were, 'You first.'"

"I can't let you think she was first!" he exclaimed vehemently. "Ye'd best know the truth. If Sheba was deceived, I thank God for it—I thank God my poor girl went to her death without a doubt of me—but when she called out to me to save you first I was sorely tempted to take her at her word. You're going away, they tell me, very soon now, and I may never meet ye face to face like this again—I'll not be a hypocrite at the last. Good-bye."

He was turning away, when Kitty uttered a little cry:—

"Oh, Stephen—don't go!"

The words escaped her involuntarily, but even as they fell from her lips it seemed to her that the whole world—the little conventional world she had known—broke up and fell in ruins

about her. Pride, hereditary instinct, reticence—these had hitherto been the mainsprings of her conduct, causing her frequently to vacillate, cramping even her natural honesty and generosity; but courage had come to her now, and she knew her own mind at last. Let everything go, everything—except Stephen.

But Stephen did not speak, and Sheba's warning returned to her with almost stunning force:—

The Times.

(THE END.)

"He'll not humble himself to you twice"; and then another warning—Stephen's own:—

"I'll never ask you again."

He, too, was proud—and he never broke his word. It was her turn to humble herself now. She stretched out her hands to him across the grave:—

"Stephen," she faltered, "I don't know how to say good-bye."

## WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

"This little book fed me in a very hungry place."

—A Tramp Abroad.

Coaching has its Nimrod, the Turf its Druid, the locomotive, nay, the up-start motor-car, has its heroics written in the whirlwind vein of "Tamburlaine the Great," with due accompaniment of gong and cymbals. But the bicycle, in the whole forty years of its popular existence, has found not a single literary champion. It has passed into a busy world unsung. The word "cycle," it has been decided by one school of thought, has proved a deterrent; the "bike" of booking-office parlance is more ignominious still. Had it but been called a pair-wheel, or a foot-wheel, or, as poet Barnes suggested, a "wheel-saddle," there might have been some hope for it. Or it might have been surnamed after St. Germain, the patron saint of the wheel. But plain unvarnished cycle! It is true that the hero of "Locksley Hall" speaks, but even then in belittling terms, of "a cycle of Cathay." Canon Beeching, Mr. Frank Sidgwick, Mr. Arthur Waugh, and others, have tried to rhyme an unkindly-named machine into the favor of those who resort to anthologies. Lord Byron, with the intuition of a true poet, has given utterance to a most intimate thought of the wheelman in the well-known—

"My very chain and I grew friends,  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are."

And a master singer of to-day, Mr. Robert Bridges, may well have had the obnoxious word in mind when he wrote—

"Riding adown the country lanes  
One day in spring,  
Heavy at heart with all the pains  
Of man's imagining:  
The mist was not yet melted quite  
Into the sky;  
The small round sun was dazzling white,  
The merry larks sang high."

But if so, he was careful not to name it. There is at any rate a suggestiveness about the surroundings which prompts the query—Was the poet awheel? For getting one up in the morning there is nothing like the prospect of a ride in early spring ere the mist has evaporated, when the pedals are yet new to the feet, and the machine, seems to fly under the propulsion of leviathan muscles. Then is the time for observation and the flow of ideas. The pains of man's imagining evaporate with the mist. One may get off at the summit of a sharp rise, and,

lying beside the tandem-wheels on the turf, marvel with the ever-fresh adoration of the savage at the wonderful economy of mechanical forces which has enabled one to achieve such feats of locomotion with so little muscular effort. To a large proportion of the youth of this island it is here to be observed, howsoever little the poets may have observed it, there is a time when cycling is a passion, and when an incident of this passion, which comes with the cuckoo, is an almost frenzied desire to possess a first-grade machine ("costly thy cycle as thy purse can buy" is the saw of the cycling Polonius), gleaming with fresh enamel, glittering with polished nickel, and with all the latest improvements. At such moments of May one says to oneself that March is the wheelman's broom, April is his sprinkler; and that, if it is "a good thing to be a tree in April," it is still better to be awheel in the months that ensue. In such moments even a philosopher may be hard put to it to combat lawless impulses. One of the first thoughts of that excellent Mr. Kipps on coming into a fortune—twelve hundred a-year, bit over, if anything—was, "I could buy a cycle and a cycling suit." This is a touch true to our insular nature.

Riding through the sunset and the long-deferred dusk of a summer-long day in the heart of rural England, when everything looks delectable, and the heart for a brief moment is perfectly happy, who has not caught something of the poet's deep longing for beauty the ideal, for an art that shall thrill the souls of men, the beauty of the bride, of young boys laughing as they sing, of the adorable English landscape into which one longs to melt. No pastime cultivates this kind of vision of the *beauté du saison* and the transforming atmosphere of our homeland so much as the least celebrated. No form of recreation is so inarticulate

as bicycling. If you meet two or more cyclists in an inn after a day's run you will hear, it is more than likely, little save tiresome references to miles and to machinery, to times and distances, and it will need something of an effort, some discernment to discover behind all this trivial, and probably clumsy, chatter of cranks and spindles that, after all, much has been felt, and, it may be, that better part which can never be expressed, of the romance of the open road. The obscure and profound sensations aroused by the wedding of oxygen and hot braced muscle, the large horizons of the upland, the verdurous gloom of the dingles, the rush of the air around and of the road beneath, the flight of the hedgerows, the whisper and whirr of the hard-driven wheel, the masterful pace and comradeship of the highway, the victorious struggle with the rising road, the steady intentness of effort, and gradual conquest of distance by one's own exertion—all these things, and many more, have sought without finding expression, and gradually translated themselves into a "tedious, brief," practical colloquy upon the "points" of visible wonder in the machine to which all these sensations are due. Such sensations, as one knows, are felt most vividly in youth, when the green-sward of England is as yet a *terra incognita* to the hardy wheelman, adventurous in setting forth. The full joy and lustre of such emotions, when a finely wooded gorge or a landscape of that supreme kind which overlooks a whole panorama evokes the sensation best expressed in the ejaculation of the Psalmist, "O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer!"—all this cannot be completely recaptured. Sombre thoughts will invade the most cheerful.

"Round me, too, the night  
In ever nearing circles weaves her  
shade.

I see her vell drawn soft across the  
day,  
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade  
The cheek grown thin, the brown  
hair sprent with gray;  
I feel her finger light  
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong  
train,—  
The foot less prompt to meet the  
morning dew,  
The heart less bounding at emotion  
new,  
And hope, once crushed, less quick to  
spring again."

A time must come to all of us when we too realize for the first time that ours also is "the common lot." That we cannot jump so high or squat so low as we could once upon a time. That a pace of nine miles an hour is rather reckless even upon a bicycle. And yet I maintain, that even here a bicycle (which is in so many other respects the best anodyne to passing depressions) is also the least cruel of disenchanters. Its joys are less confined to the sunny side of forty than those of almost any other form of athletic recreation. There is of course the gospel of youth—of "sweet and twenty," a "fine young speed-man" of two-and-twenty, or possibly one-and-thirty. But many enterprises rich and rare have commenced at forty. The cyclist of fifty may still do his "hundred." One begins to value these late starters adequately as the gray hairs appear. Who can fail to appreciate the undimmed achievement at forty, nay, at twice forty, of Titian, Cardinal Fleury, Leo XIII., Mark Twain, Lord Wemyss, Lord Roberts? The "old high" machine, it is true, was an inveterate enemy to old age. To learn it at all was hardly practicable. The great, high horse of which Lord Herbert of Cherbury so fondly proclaims his mastery were not so formidable. But the therapeutic properties of the modern bicycle as a renewer of youth and pro-longer of age deserve far more celebra-

tion than they have yet received, and it might well be maintained that the wheel should be added as a new symbol to the serpent of Æsculapius. The historical side of cycling is not wholly negligible, as we may (hereafter) have occasion to show; but, whether we approach it from the practical, scientific, or sentimental side, the subject is as great as it is prolific, and one has been on the look out for a literary organon of cycling for years and years.

It is something, therefore, of an announcement to be able to make that the man and the book have at last been discovered. But so it is, as I think that all readers of Mr. Allen's recently appeared "Wheel Magic"<sup>1</sup> will agree with me in concluding. A little book of a couple of hundred pages all told, which will go into a pocket, has for the first time definitely savored and appraised the mood of the joyous cyclist. The scientific critics, the austere commentators of the "Cycling Tourists' Club Gazette," have already hailed it from afar as an undoubted first attempt to express the aspirations, the humor and philosophy, of the wheelman in a form compatible with the severe limitations of Belles Lettres. An Izaak Walton of cycling at best would probably be an anachronism; but what Robert Louis Stevenson achieved for donkey travel and canoeage, that it may fairly be contended that Mr. Allen has attempted with equal success for the man whose music is to be found in the hum o' the wheel. Such light freightage is inadequate, of course, as our philosopher himself observes. "How feebly do these essays reflect the delight I have found on the road." That joy, like all the things that are really worth communicating, is incommunicable by mere words. And yet it all seems so simple. "I hear the sirens singing. I ride out into

<sup>1</sup> "Wheel Magic; or Revolutions of an Impressionist." By J. W. Allen. The Bodley Head. 1909.

the country." And Mr. Allen is an optimist. He is not one of those who inquire, "*Quel crime avons-nous fait pour mériter de naître!*"

Here is the mood generated in him by one of his expeditions awheel:—

"Once upon a time, on a July day, I rode from Winchester by Romsey through the New Forest to Wimborne. It was one of those days on which even the unworthy may enter a temporary heaven. For the time I attained the bliss of the perfect cyclist.

"The perfect cyclist is a wandering spirit, full of eyes, like the beast in the Revelation. All the burden of humanity falls from him as he mounts. He has no past, neither does his future extend beyond the flying day. If he looks at all beyond the next turning, it is to the crowning satisfaction of supper. For him one lane is enough at a time. His is the zenith of optimism. The flower by the wayside is for him the sweetness of the world made visible. His easy downward glide is the very movement of life. Sorrow and pain are far-off accidental things, as irrelevant as death. All toil and vanity his wheels have left behind. The abodes of poverty are bright with his happiness. A puncture, a patch of stones in the roadway, a dust-compelling motor, these are the worst of life's troubles. The goodness of God is manifest in the sunshine.

"To some such mood I attained that day. Coming to Stony Cross, I turned aside for the sake of the round by Lyndhurst and Emery Down, returning to the road I had left near Picket Post. Riding slowly through the bowery woodland, life seemed a simple thing. If only men would cease to worry themselves about things of no importance, how easy it would all be! Food and shelter and some sort of clothing cannot be foregone; but after these what more does a man need than the visible beauty of the world? The luxuries of Art, the luxury of Literature, seemed no less superfluous than purple raiment and sumptuous fare. In a right-minded society every man would be his own poet.

"The woods were murmurous with life, lively with bird-cries and flittings. At one point, where the forest opened a glade on my left, I perceived, for the first time in my life, a living pair of White Admiral butterflies. I felt as I dismounted hastily something of the thrill with which as a boy I should have beheld these rarities. But as a boy I was a 'collector' of such beings, and used to kill them and 'set' them with pins on cork, and regard them as 'specimens.' Specimens they were of the human power of transforming beauty into hideousness. The two little fairies were dancing about a clump of trees. In their manner of flight there was none of the laboring, uncertain flutter of the Whites, nor the jerkiness of the Blues, or the fussiness of the Skippers. Not so strong as the flight of the Red Admiral, theirs was more daintily graceful. Certain of themselves, they rose or sank at will, they floated about the tree-tops, they glided almost to the ground on long sweeping curves down the steepes of air, with hardly a beat of wings. There are, naturally, no human words expressive of such motion. Passing and repassing continually, they would suddenly, now and again, whirl round each other so quickly that when, in an instant, they had separated one could not tell which had been which. Sometimes that little whirligig turned into a chase, and with flashing, effortless twists and turns they would follow each other for a space closely about the branches. For half an hour I watched them, and the cup of life brimmed over at my lips. I perceived the perfect fitness of things. There was no need, I saw, to qualify my gladness with an 'if.' Life must need be beautiful in a world where every woodland glade holds such wonders. Those who do not feel it so can hardly be said to be alive.

"Later, after some hard riding in the heat, I set foot at a wayside public-house for a long draught of beer. No one but a cyclist or a serious walker quite knows the quality of beer. It was a glorious moment, that in which I held to my lips the frothy tankard. And who but a solitary cyclist or a



solitary walker knows quite such moments? He is hot, he is dusty, he is, perhaps a little fatigued. But he is mellow and strong as his liquor: he is powerful and free. He is no struggler for existence, but has a lien on the solid earth and stands upon it squarely with a sense of possession. He is above human weakness and knows himself immortal. Speak to him of teetotallers and he will burst out laughing.

"Later still, when the shadows had grown long, I entered a vague and vast contentment. The trivial round, the common task, were as things that were not for me. The business I had left, my cares and worries, my ambitions, I saw them at a vast distance as trivial and absurd things to obscure my vision, to come between my soul and the world! And it was not only my own affairs that I thought thus of. All the anxieties and sorrows, all the toil and pain and disappointment of other people's lives, seemed to me equally trivial. It is our pettiness, our vanity, our piggishness and dulness that work all the mischief. Why all this fuss about betterment and progress, all this political outcry, this socialism and what not? It is all a pursuit of things that don't matter. It is all a fuss about nothing. Why all this din about education? Life is good and there's an end of it. We have only to live. We have only to open our eyes. If a man is not happy and interested in this wonderful world, how do you propose to better his condition? There is but one way of salvation."

This may be inadequate to express the writer's feelings, but I do not think that its inadequacy will be the impression uppermost in the mind of the casual reader. "One does one's best and one fails. One achieves failure. But the experience remains: the vision one has had; the revelation one does not forget. Success is of the body . . ." But far too much is talked of success and its factors, and of success that crowns a life or a work. There is no such thing as success. "No

man ever succeeded in doing anything worth doing. The greatest artists know this best." For the present, after reading the passage cited, we are satisfied with Mr. Allen's attempts to give expression to the joy that wells up from the heart that knows what it is to wander on wheels! and one's reflections upon the muteness of cycling as a pastime will need modification more as one peruses the great variety which is contained within the dozen papers of this little volume.

Mr. Allen is certainly a cheerful philosopher. Like Dr. Johnson's old college acquaintance, Oliver Edwards, he finds cheerfulness constantly and irresistibly breaking in. There are many dangers lying in wait for the wheelman. Every rider knows a road-reach or two which he regards, with a kind of superstition, as unlucky, places that need special care, quite apart from the bits of glass, rusty nails, greasy patches, drunken carters, and wanton automobiles that are in ambush for all. To write faithfully and with magisterial fulness and philosophy of the causes, qualities, and consequences of the accidents that befall those who trust themselves on bicycles were to fill a volume with sad presages. A vivid picture is presented to us in "Wheel Magic" of the revolting suddenness and unexpectedness of the common fall, whereby we leave our machines abruptly and in disorder, senselessly wooing our mother-earth. "The misused machine lies prone. The grit is biting my mouth. I prize myself up and give three rapid leaps of intense pain, obliquely, so as to fall again, if need be, upon the long grass by the wayside." Yet compensation and refreshment are drawn by way of moral even from the changes and chances of our transitory equilibrium.

"One of the finest qualities of cycling is just that it involves an element of difficulty and even danger. Our or-

dinary comings and goings are sadly lacking in this ingredient of happiness. There is a certain danger in railway travelling; but on the railway, so far as you are personally concerned, you are almost completely at the mercy of brute chance. On a bicycle it is your own skill and coolness and power that must overcome difficulties and carry you in safety. You are braced not only to energy, but to prudence and foresight and a nice balance. Your motion demands not mere muscular exertion, but an exertion of mind, an alertness and resource, that gives you, in fruition, a sense of complex difficulties overcome. And anything that happens amiss, unless the results be very serious, is only a new incentive. If you cannot repair the damage yourself you must find your repairer. You must perhaps walk some miles. You are in doubt as to whether it will now be possible to reach your determined end. You are defeated this time; and you have the pleasure of devising what is best now to do. You discover that happiness consists not in doing what you intended, but in doing something. Perhaps you have fallen into a ditch, and are all over mud, and acutely conscious of folly. Shake off quickly that sense of humiliation, and cease to be a rebel against facts! You are a fool—what of it? Did you not know that before? Regard yourself as one fallen on a battlefield, and rejoice that you live to fight still. Those mud stains are the marks victorious Nature has set on you for your folly, visible as such to all. But she overcomes us all, sooner or later. Rejoice that this time her marks will brush off. Shake yourself like a man and go forward. Before long you will be looking back tenderly on this comfort. It has been so before. Are not all the rides on which something of this kind has fallen marked with red letters in your memory, as days of pleasant adventure? So it will be now. The world is still before you. If not to the haven you foresaw at starting, yet to one inn or another you will come at last. And there, with all the more zest because of this mishap, with a sense that you have wrested victory from defeat and

plucked up drowned honor by the locks, you will regale yourself and take your ease, and all that is now dark will be lightened, all that is now pain will be peace."

One more touch of our wheel-magician's philosophy and we shall have done with our borrowings. They have already sufficed to show that Mr. Allen has a nervous style, a logical consistency, a pleasant fancy, and a rambling "cosmogony" of his own. He has known how to console those who fall by the wayside. But there are other impediments which loom large sometimes in the imaginations of those whose legitimate ambition it is to travel fast and far. A far-away goal is an object of real desire; and desire is life. To start early and catch the world dreaming, to traverse four or five separate zones of scenic England, to run one's course like the sun—such thoughts make a temporary god of the strenuous wheelman, who reels fifty or sixty miles from his wheel without knowing it.

"The first fifty miles or so go with a snap. After that, I find, there is a change. The aspect of things slowly becomes forbidding. The dust gets vicious; the heat becomes a weight on one's back. A certain mental weariness is apparent before the muscles feel it. The machine wants oil; the baggage is working loose. Even to the longest distance rider there comes, I imagine, a time when the wheels begin to drag and the innervation of muscle falls on the conscious will. Gradually the joy fades out of our riding. Then comes a struggle, at first stimulating, then exasperating, finally grim.

"I remember how soon it was after the triumphant reading of my cyclometer that that change began. The stopping for that steep little slope must, I think, have been ominous. Yet for the next thirty miles, though the pace fell of a little and I felt a tug, there was no painful strain. It was a case of increasing, but of continuously victorious effort. And then, just beyond

Ipswich and going north, my whole body, quite suddenly, became a dead-weight. It was extraordinarily sudden, that change; it occurred within a space of about two hundred yards. One moment I was thrusting along with a sense of weight overcome, and a few minutes later my muscles, with one accord, struck. I did not even attempt a struggle. It was as though a vast weight from somewhere had suddenly and quietly settled on my shoulders. I had to dismount, because the machine stopped. I walked straight to the side of the road, propped up the useless bicycle, and sat down in the hedge, surprised and disgusted.

"If I had not been out of condition the thing would not have happened like that. It was the first ride of my vacation. But there it was; and for half an hour I sat in the hedge, and for half that time I felt quite beaten, and decided to go lamely back into Ipswich.

"But I revived and revolted. Only thirty miles more, and perhaps not so much! It would never do to make my day meaningless by surrender to mere weariness. Since the flesh was weak, the spirit must be the more willing. I felt an immense distaste for my bicycle; I hated the thought of the road ahead; I told myself that it did not matter in the least where I got to, since I had to stop somewhere. But I knew better. These things, I felt, were an allegory.

"I remounted at last and went on to the end. It was rather painful. I remember that I made every little upward slope an excuse for walking. The milestones got further and further apart, so that I felt like Sisyphus. Ten miles from home a steady pouring of rain began, and again I was sorely tempted. But I kept on. Through the darkness—for it had grown late—I pushed and plashed and stumbled to my haven of rest. And what a delicious drowsiness, what a fine, dreamy sense of insuperable obstacles overcome, rewarded by labor! 'Home was the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill!' The analogy of a well-spent life occurred to

me; but, indeed, no life is well spent, though here and there, a day may be."

These, of course, are mere scraps, and give a very imperfect idea of Mr. Allen's complete panoply. Two of his papers are capital stories: one embodies a *rencontre* with a ghost, the other with a more interesting personage—a nature worshipper, who uses the cycle as a praying-wheel, who rambled away from home on a cycling tour of discovery, and never came back. Two are mainly typographical. A third discourses eloquently of the strong appeal that mediæval art still makes to the wayfarer through the great monuments which have survived the cupidity, the fanaticism, and the ignorance of intervening ages. Two of the best—"A Dull Afternoon" and "By the Fire"—are rather metaphysical; but all alike reveal an essayist of genuine power and distinctive charm, who writes always because he has something to say, never for the mere sake of writing. I cannot allow the book to suffer any detraction in my regard from the fact that it is dedicated to me—in unduly flattering terms. I have known the author since he was in short clothes, and, as Mr. Micawber said of his play-fellow—

"We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine."

We were always convinced at school that Allen would "do something," as a good Englishman should. First as a bowler: for as a bowler he had a remarkable leg-break and a formal, administrative manner of delivery that disconcerted the gravest batsman. And then as an historian. In this field he has already distinguished himself by an accumulation of knowledge which puts most of the professors to shame; and by his recent book on "The

Place of History in Education,"<sup>2</sup> which no one who takes an interest, whether professional or general, in the science and art of history and historical teaching can possibly afford to neglect, and which deserves a disquisition to itself. Or rather several disquisitions; for it is controversial at many points, and must be regarded from as many points of view as there are separate schools of thought on the subject. In such a book, as was indispensable, the dyer's hand was in evidence and not to be concealed. "Wheel Magic" is pure relaxation, but the relaxation of an historian and of a philosopher. Of such books is good reading made. The material was intractable enough. Few men could build a volume from the dreams of a velocipedist. Discover for yourself by experiment how hard it is to disengage a philosophy of pure literary charm from such a volatile essence as these impressions and reminiscences as the wheel runs round; and then estimate what Mr. J. W. Allen has "done."

I may be prejudiced, of course. It is nice to be the object of a dedicatory letter so well written and expressive as that prefixed to "Wheel Magic." It is nice to an extent, the greatness of which a younger essayist for all his cunning can perhaps hardly conceive, to be called by one's Christian name by a duly authorized person. Days there were when grown men were chiefly interested in one on account of one's grandfather. It is appalling now to think how few people there are who really knew one's father. And the third stage is defined for all time by Charles Lamb's hungry lament—"There is no one left to call me Charlie now." But no, I am not to be demoralized by a caress, and I do not think I am unduly prejudiced, for if I know,

to my cost, how difficult the subject is, I know also what a very real thing is Wheel Magic. There is a magic power about the wheel, to be sure, and to prove it I will instance no more than the transformation it can effect in the faculties of an average townsman,—how during the space of one brief year, in a being who knows only streets, suburbs, and railway stations, it will engender a knowing interest in the country-side, in natural objects, in rural beauties, and in the arterial network of roads that connect the whole,—no rigid iron framework to lacerate the landscape on which it is geometrically superimposed, but roads that have grown up and into the landscape and made it what it is. Boats, camps, links, moors, river-beds will effect as much, and more, no doubt, upon a suitable soil; but their operation is slower and more costly,—they take time and money. As soon as the cyclist realizes that the Chilterns and the Downs, with their whale-backs and the mamelons, their subtle suggestion of mountain and their distant peep of plain, are within easy striking distance, he is as good as saved. The magic of the wheel will enter into his being, and the throng of associations, the train of observations proper and peculiar to the wheelman, will become a part of his consciousness. The dive into the dusky shadow of the wood as twilight approaches—the wan atmospheric effect over bare hills to the north-west—the mysterious reservoirs of warm and often hay-laden air that one passes through in the all-day-long days of summer—the unwary confidences of small mammals and finches surprised in the gloaming—the apparition of girl cyclists in light blouses, like white moths in the hot dusk, converging upon some provincial city—the warm breath of west wind or spring rain on the face as one rounds a corner, breathing of the space beyond the town—the

<sup>2</sup> *The Place of History in Education.* By J. W. Allen, formerly Brakenbury Exhibitioner: Balliol College, Oxford; Hulsean Professor of Modern History at Bedford College, University of London. W. Blackwood & Sons.

lunge forward in the saddle, the swerves of machines avoiding the traffic—the vibrating disk of light that one's lamp lets down in front—the hammer-tick of the motor-cycle—the concentric rings of electric light on the expanse of wood pavement—the stealthy approach of the trolley-car—the click-click of the free-wheel movement—cyclists pedalling rapidly along the transverse street—the effort of the ankles as a road ascends sharply over a bridge—old faces peering at the saller-by over a blind—young girls in their best clothes racing home as the clock strikes ten—the glances of young men as they cross the street—the hesitation of groups with children preparing to plunge across the road . . . Here are a few beats of the ceaseless tide of impressions that flit through the brain of the least heedful of cyclists whose mind is attuned to the hum of the wheel.

The historic destinies of the bicycle would have been more interesting had it developed contemporaneously with the roads that prepared the way for it and made it possible. Had it preceded railways, for instance, or been used in the Napoleonic wars, or even had it been grafted immediately upon the caprice of the hobby-horse from which it derived, its annals, perchance, had been more illustrious. Lord Sherbrooke, it is said, once cast a blighting eye upon it in its infancy as a possible source of revenue. Society played with it for a season in Battersea Park. But, like the warship *Shannon*, it has always been an unassuming vehicle—the Cinderella of the sports family. It has the distinction, indeed, of being a wholly popular and democratic invention. Machinery has nearly always been the rich man's prescription, imposed from above. The bicycle, con-

Blackwood's Magazine.

trariwise, has asserted itself and reasserted itself persistently from below; and though I do not think that it is assigned a place of any importance in Mr. Wallace's "Wonderful Century," it seems to me unmistakably the most benevolent mechanical invention of the Industrial Era. If you wander through the sheds that contain the admirable science collections at Kensington, you can trace with infallible accuracy the development of the steam-engine, of locomotive and postal machinery, of the marine engines that you watch so intently during a stormy channel crossing, of the motor-car, the typewriter, the telephone, the pile-driver, the spinning-jenny, *et id genus omne*. Trains and steamers between them have spoiled travel. The Post Office has destroyed letter-writing. The motor-car and the telephone between them have tainted life whole—at its source. Such inventions could only come from above. The one unmixed benefactor to mankind is that machine of which you will hardly discern specimens dangling in chains from the roof like condemned felons. Suspercollated placards describe the historical development of the pendant machines—hoary bicycles of the early 'Seventies. Montaigne once said that he would like to die travelling—on horseback. Charles Lamb once expressed a desire that his last breath might be drawn through a pipe; a better ending than either, in my opinion, was that of Edward Bowen, who "died in a moment, while mounting his bicycle after a long ascent, among the lonely forests of Burgundy, then bursting into leaf under an April sun." "His foot was on his bicycle step; and then in one brief moment—as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west—all was over."

Thomas Sercombe.

## WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON. \*

This memorial volume, which can be procured in England from Messrs. A. Constable & Co., gives a modest and pleasant picture of a man who did much for good journalism and good criticism in the United States. "Bene latuit, bene vixit," might be the summary of Wendell Garrison's life and work; and the form of the comment would have appealed to a scholar whose career comes as somewhat of a surprise in these days of a gaudy, blabbing, and remorseless press. The mere idea of a man working for his paper in impersonal seclusion—unparaphrased, unknown, un-interviewed—is repugnant alike to the young lions of to-day and a public which believes chiefly in names or noise.

The twentieth century is seeing great changes in the conditions of literature and journalism. "Experts" arise in a single night, cry down long experience, and make "great papers" greater. Consistency is clearly, as Bagehot said, the bugbear of small minds; eminent penmen appear in this paper to-day and that to-morrow, turned out and turned on with kaleidoscopic rapidity, but supplying somewhere a flood of tolerable matter, with the regularity of the Metropolitan Water Board. The advertiser and the man who persuades him to advertise are in command; sometimes the manager calls himself the editor; at other times the editor is a clever clerk who has not the disqualification of literary taste. It is a desperate commercial game which appeals to a nation of shopkeepers—which declares the grand and progressive qualities of national enterprise, and the uselessness of everything which "does not pay."

\* "Letters and Memorials of Wendell Phillips Garrison, Literary Editor of 'The Nation,' 1865-1906." (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Boswell, who was "sometimes obliged to run half across London in order to fix a date correctly," would nowadays be self-convicted by that confession as an absurdly meticulous and incapable writer. Such leisurely and conscientious proceedings make "a back number," as the vivid phrase of to-day goes. "Proofs" at present are a luxury; printers are left to look after punctuation, and "readers" to secure a minimum of grammar which is probably more than the public wants. Horace's fluent satirist who could dictate two hundred verses an hour, standing on one leg, and the illiterate rag-dealer in Petronius who explained that "Letters is a bonanza," would be more in the movement. But Horace hated the profane mob, and was hampered by academic education; while Petronius lounged into a reputation, and wrote nothing concerning his experiences as a vigorous colonial governor in Africa. They are obviously not model writers for to-day. They were not in a hurry; they were artists; and they were too humorous to pelt the reading public of Rome with daily or weekly demands for recognition.

In spite of all the wonderful advances of this present century, we confess to a sneaking fondness for the ideal of restraint and scholarship so well represented by Garrison. From the modern point of view such an ideal is something of an ordeal. It means incessant work, and a perpetual sinking of self in distracting duties which no single man can realize of those whose work is received, corrected, and sometimes rejected with an eye to the welfare of a whole paper. The weekly symphony needs a conductor who seems often unjust to individual members of the orchestra. Garrison helped



to found *The Nation*, on the model of our own *Spectator*, in conjunction with E. L. Godkin. The two worked together with a harmony which no differences could sever, and Garrison gave "forty-one years of unremitting labor" to his task. Never was testimonial better deserved than the silver vase which more than two hundred of *The Nation's* staff presented to him in 1905. He retired from work in 1906, but he was worn out with his labors, and died the next year, when he might well have looked forward to an Indian summer of scholarly leisure.

The Introduction gives us a good idea of his self-effacement and his remarkable *flair* for the right men:—

In fact, Mr. Garrison, at times, could persuade men to write for him who would write for no one else. Moreover, he used to detect, here and there, some remote personage—not necessarily decorated in "Who's Who" or in the pages of "Minerva" who could serve his purpose exactly, and could furnish what he needed in precisely the form and finish which his exacting taste demanded. For such shy cattle he had a sure and trained instinct—the scent of the Laconian hound.

He went further; he made friends of all his contributors by means of letters in his own hand.

At least one half of his contributors had never seen his face and knew him only by his editorial correspondence. But hardly a letter or a post-card left his hand which did not contain some kindly or considerate message—something personal, whimsical, or humorous, which drew his correspondents into the circle of his friends.

Some accomplished sonnets of his are reprinted here, mainly inspired by Italian sources, for he was always a lover of Petrarch and Dante.

The letters given show how far his considerateness, careful attention to human feelings, and zeal for detail

went, but they are a little scanty and disappointing in humor, which rarely appears. He was always busy, and writes to W. R. Thayer that as editor of *The Nation* "I have to endure a mollusc's existence, and scarcely budge from my desk and bed-room." Attractive invitations had to be refused, and holidays were rare. Garrison even compiled himself the indexes to *The Nation*, a work from which most authors shrink in their own books, if they pay any attention to indexing at all.

Here is a letter to an unnamed correspondent whose work needed the blue pencil:—

"My dear A.,—My function in this office as the Butcher is well established. I now submit my latest work, with which I am rather well pleased except as dismembering a friend. I return the *exsecta* for your possible use. You will see to what a length the whole would have gone. Now all is compact and will be read with pleasure."

Most of the letters refer to the later period of editorship, and we might well have been vouchsafed more details of Garrison's home life and interests. What is presented to us here is occasionally rather obscure for English readers. The text of a letter on p. 72 refers to the phrase "by how much the half is greater than the whole—a love pat out of Hesiod (?) which I trust you will forgive like a good Grecist." We presume the writer did not for the moment recall whether the quotation was from Hesiod or not. It is derived from the "Works and Days," and is the best part of a hexameter line, which last word should clearly be read for "love."

In a letter to Prof. G. E. Woodberry there is an interesting reference to some lines in Gray's "Elegy" which have puzzled many:—

Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

"What bothers me in the verse in question is the conjunction, since in your view Melancholy's marking of Gray would have to be a sort of *kindness*. Higginson, and I think most readers, take the opposite view. The youth labored under three disabilities—(1) humble origin; (2) whatever Science did to him by not frowning; (3) having a melancholy turn of mind. All belong in one category, else I feel the need of a disjunctive *but*. But basta!"

These inquiries into delicate shades of language are one sign of Garrison's fastidious taste, which is seen also in his ingenious article entitled "A Dissolving View of Punctuation." It does not deal with the elementary instruction of which many writers stand in need, but is full of the niceties which experts appreciate. "Authority in Language" will also please lovers of English. Other papers reprinted here are concerned with politics. "The True Function of a University," which includes a needed warning as to over-athleticism; obituaries of E. L. Godkin and other prominent men; "Protraiture" and "Jean Jacques Rousseau," which both deal with a favorite author of Garrison's; "A Talk to Librarians"; and "The New Gulliver," a study of Houghnham folk and Calvinistic theology of all things! The "fair humanities of old religion" were not for Garrison, though few have shown a steadier devotion to duty and conscience. He says of systems of ethics and religion:—

"The rubbish cleared away, we are left face to face with the old problems of the meaning of life and the possibility of another existence. For one, I utterly refuse to waste my time over the former. Towards the latter I keep an open mind and have 'the will to

The Athenæum.

believe,' and some evidences drawn from the much derided phenomena of spiritualism, whose *positive* teachings are so valueless. Above all, let us steer clear of superstition, and not be frightened by our own shadows."

Garrison published excellent books, particularly his life of his father, a monument of careful evidence and judgment on which he lavished several years. But it is his work as an editor which is his great and inexpugnable claim to recognition. We may say of him what a poet and critic said of a friend:—

In the study of art, poetry, or philosophy, he had the most undivided and disinterested love for his object in itself, the greatest aversion to mixing up with it anything accidental or personal. His interest was in literature itself, and it was this which gave so rare a stamp to his character, which kept him so free from all taint of littleness. In the saturnalia of ignoble personal passions, of which the struggle for literary success, in old and crowded communities, offers so sad a spectacle, he never mingled. He had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor disparaged what he admired, nor praised what he despised. Those who knew him well had the conviction that even with time, these literary arts would never be his.

The whole character is almost beyond human compass, demanding the virtues of the ancient Stoic; but there was much of that creed in Garrison, who combined a serenity which is hardly of our own day with a devotion to his friends which won unphilosophic affection. He illustrated, says Mr. McDaniels, in his practice the possibility of the "brotherhood of man." He certainly fostered the brotherhood of the pen, whereas the modern system of hustling and commercial journalism is calculated to justify the bitter jibe of Robert Brough: "Brethren of the pen! Yes, Cain and Abel."

# WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

## A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

### CHARACTERS

*Sir Charles Worgan*, Newspaper Proprietor.  
*Francis Worgan*, Wanderer.  
*John Worgan*, Provincial Doctor.  
*Saul Kendrick*, Manager of Worgans, Ltd.  
*Holt St. John*, Theatrical Manager.  
*Samuel Cleland*, His Stage Manager.  
*Simon Macquoid*, Dramatic Critic.  
*James Brindley*, Earthenware Manufacturer.  
*Eduard Brindley*, His Son.  
*Page-boy*.

Brothers.

*Emily Vernon*, Widow.  
*Mrs. Cleland* (Henrietta Blackwood).  
*Annie Worgan*, Wife of John Worgan.  
*Mrs. Worgan*, Mother of the Worgans.  
*Mrs. Doucnes*.  
*Servant at John Worgan's*.

TIME: To-day.

### ACT I

#### Notes on Characters in This Act

*Sir Charles Worgan*.—Brusque. Accustomed to power. With rare flashes of humor, and of charm. Well dressed, but not too carefully. Strong frame. Decided gestures. Age 40.

*Francis Worgan*.—A traveller, a philosopher, and something of a dilettante; rather afraid of coming to grips with life. Very well dressed, but with a touch of the unusual—for example, a quite fashionable collar with a soft necktie tied in a rather obtrusive bow. Talks quietly. Always punctiliously polite. Age 41.

*Saul Kendrick*.—Gross, stoutish, sporting. Dressed correctly, but without taste. Loud. His cigar is several

sizes too large. His gestures are vulgar. Not gentlemanly, though by fits and starts he seems to remember that he is a gentleman. Age 50.

*Emily Vernon*.—Beautiful; but conscious that her youth is passing. Charming. Her moods change rapidly. She is dressed with distinguished taste, but not expensively. Her face is sad when she isn't alert. She has been through sorrow and through hard times. Age 29.

*Simon Macquoid*.—The only thing to note is that he is angry throughout his scene. Age 45.

*Private office of Sir Charles Worgan.*

Doors r., l., and back centre. Utmost possible richness of office furniture. Grand central desk, with dictaphone and telephone. Side tables full of papers, correspondence, etc. Large date-calendar prominent. A red disk showing on wall at back. General air of orderliness and great activity. *Sir Charles Worgan and Kendrick are opposite each other at central desk, with two piles of assorted magazines and journals on the desk. Kendrick is smoking a large cigar. Time, afternoon, November.*

*Kendrick*. Now then, there's this confounded "Sabbath Chimes"! [picking up a periodical from the pile to his left hand].

*Sir C.* Well, what's it doing?

*Kendrick* [referring to a list of figures]. Eighteen thousand.

*Sir C.* It's dropping, then.

*Kendrick*. Dropping? I should say it was! But it never was any real good. We bought it for a song and—

*Sir C.* [interrupting him sharply].

That's no reason! We bought the "Evening Courier" when its shares were at sixpence, and now it's earning a thousand pounds a week.

*Kendrick.* Yes, but the "Courier" isn't religious. You wouldn't call a halfpenny evening paper exactly religious, would you?

*Sir C.* What's that got to do with it? Do you mean to say there isn't a religious public?

*Kendrick.* I've never met it [*flicking ash off his cigar*].

*Sir C.* [*very slightly nettled*]. Now look here, Kendrick, we don't want to waste time in facetiousness. We still have quite twenty papers to go through [*fingering pile*].

*Kendrick* [*very slightly more deferential*]. I'm not joking, Sir Charles. What I say is—there are two things that are absolutely U.P. in this country; one is limericks and the other is religion.

*Sir C.* That be d—d! No one ever expected limericks to last; but let me tell you there's a lot of money in religion yet. [*Kendrick shrugs his shoulders.*] Let's have a squint at "Chimes" [*he turns the pages over*]. Hm! No! It isn't crisp enough. I ask you—does it look snappy? . . . [*reading from it in a startled tone*]. "Problems of the day: Are we growing less spiritual?" [*Angry.*] Great heavens! Whose idiotic notion was that?

*Kendrick.* Halliburton's.

*Sir C.* Well, that really is a bit too thick! You know, seriously, you ought to keep an eye on things better than that.

*Kendrick* [*hurt*]. I've been giving all my time to the sporting department. Think of the trouble I've had with the "Billiard Ball" alone, to say nothing of putting the "Racecourse" on its legs. I can't attend to everything, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* [*still fuming*]. "Are we grow-

ing less spiritual?" As if anybody cared a tuppenny curse whether we are growing less spiritual or not! No wonder the thing's dropping! What does the Reverend Mr. Halliburton get?

*Kendrick.* Fifty pounds a month.

*Sir C.* Does he imagine he's going to earn fifty pounds a month, *here*, by asking the British public if it's growing less spiritual? Sack the fool. Where did you pick him up?

*Kendrick.* Religious Tract Society. Fished him out myself.

*Sir C.* Well, you'd better return him with thanks.

*Kendrick.* That's all very fine. Where shall we find some one to take his place? It isn't the first starving curate that comes along who will be able to run Halliburton's department. He's a worker.

*Sir C.* What's the good of his being a worker if he's never got the hang of our style? [*Holding out periodical.*] Look at it!

*Kendrick.* I'm not defending him. I'm only saying that to find ideas for "Sabbath Chimes," "The Sunday Comrade," "The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Record," "Sunday Tales," "The Sunday School Teacher's Friend," and "Golden Words" is none so much of a blooming picnic. I wouldn't like to have to do it myself.

*Sir C.* [*less angry, persuasively*]. All right. As you please. You're responsible. But wake him up.

*Kendrick.* Why can't *you* give him a lead, Sir Charles?

*Sir C.* Me! You know perfectly well I have all I can do for at least a couple of months, shoving the "Mercury."

*Kendrick.* I was forgetting that for the moment.

*Sir C.* It must not be forgotten even for a moment that the "Daily Mercury" is the leading line of this Company. It must also not be forgotten

that the circulation of the "Mercury" must touch a million before the Annual Meeting—even if the country has to go to war for it. No, my boy; you've done wonders in the sporting department. And I'm sure you can do wonders in the religious department, once you really give your mind to it. [Voices outside the door, back.]

Kendrick. It doesn't seem to come so natural.

Sir C. Oh, nonsense! The first thing you have to do is to make Hallburton understand what snap is. Take him out to lunch. Pour it into him. And tell him from me that if every one of those papers doesn't show a satisfactory profit in six months' time he will be at liberty to go into the mission field, and the farther off the better. Of course that "Are we growing less spiritual?" rubbish must be stopped in the next number. [Turning casually.] What's going on outside?

Kendrick (ignoring the question). Yes, and supposing he asks me what's to take its place?

Sir C. It's his business to find out. [Handing paper to Kendrick.]

Kendrick. But what sort of thing?

Sir C. Well, now. Here's a good idea. What's the series called?

Kendrick. "Problems of the Day."

Sir C. What about this, then: "Ought curates to receive presents from lady-parishioners?"

Kendrick [enthusiastic]. By Jove! That's a great idea, that is! I wish you had a bit more time to spare, Sir Charles. [Nods his head approvingly.]

Sir C. [pleased with himself]. That ought to give him a start, anyhow.

Fran. Wor. [off]. Open that door, or you are a doomed boy. This dagger is tipped with a deadly poison.

Sir C. What in the name of—[Goes quietly to door, back, and opens it. The figures of Francis Worgan and a page-boy are seen. A slight pause.]

Francis [entering, a sword-cane in his hand, very quietly]. How d'ye do, Charlie? [A pause.]

Sir C. How do, Frank? [They shake hands.] Excuse me, will you, Kendrick?

Kendrick. Certainly, Sir Charles. [Exit Kendrick r. The page-boy closes the door from outside.]

Francis. Well, Charlie, I sympathize with you. I feel just the same as you do—very nervous.

Sir C. Nervous? What about?

Francis [shutting up the sword-cane]. About my demeanor. How ought brothers to behave who haven't seen each other for nineteen years?

Sir C. I perceive you aren't altered. [They sit.]

Francis. That's a hard thing to say. While I was waiting in your waiting-room I saw in a magazine called "Golden Words," under the heading "Pregnant Utterances of the Month," "We should all strive to do a little better every day,—Archbishop of Canterbury." That is what I've been doing for nineteen years—and you tell me I haven't altered!

Sir C. You know what I mean. I mean that you still make people wonder what the devil you will say next.

Francis. You've altered, anyhow. You couldn't have said anything as clever as that nineteen years ago.

Sir C. [pleased]. Think so? [Pause.]

Francis. However, physically you're astoundingly the same.

Sir C. So are you. [A pause.] I should have known you anywhere. When did you arrive?

Francis. Yesterday.

Sir C. Then I'm the first to see you. And where have you turned up from?

Francis. I've "turned up" from Japan. Via New York.

Sir C. What do you think of New York?

*Francis.* I don't think of it, except by inadvertence. [*Rising and going to disk, in a puzzled tone.*] What is that? I saw something like it outside the door, and downstairs in the den of the commissionaire.

*Sir C. [rising].* That? It's an apparatus that shows whether I can be seen or not. The red disk is up now. That means I'm engaged and can't be seen by any one, appointment or no appointment! Putting it up here puts it up outside the door and in the commissionaire's room. Here's the green disk—that means that I'm engaged but can be disturbed. Blue means that I'm here, alone. Yellow means that I'm not in my office, but somewhere in the building. And white means that I'm out. Ingenious, eh? [*In a serious tone.*] Absolutely necessary, you know.

*Francis [as they both sit down again].* So that explains why I had such an exciting time in getting to see you.

*Sir C. [smiling].* I'm supposed to be the most difficult man to see in London.

*Francis.* Yes, I noticed the commissionaire was wearing several medals. Doubtless for valor. First he made me fill up a form, as inquisitive as an income-tax paper. When I told him I had an appointment, he instructed me to sit down. So I sat down and read "Golden Words" for ten minutes. Then I thought it would be a good idea to tell him I was your brother, and not merely some one of the same name.

*Sir C.* What did he say then?

*Francis.* He told me to sit down, and gave me a sceptical look, as much as to say: "You're his brother, are you? Well, so am I!" So I sat down and read "The Lad's Own Budget" for ten minutes. Then, while he was busy torturing another applicant, I nipped into the lift just as it was going up, and

began wandering about passages. I managed to catch a boy. What a lot of boys you have!

*Sir C.* By the way, is that stick really poisoned?

*Francis.* No. It was a notion I got out of "The Lad's Own Budget." I was determined to see you or perish in the attempt. I felt sure you couldn't be coming the great man over me, especially as I'd made an appointment. I'll say this for our family, at any rate—there's no affected nonsense about any of us.

*Sir C.* My dear chap, I hadn't the slightest notion you were in London. But how did you make an appointment? With my secretary?

*Francis.* Secretary! Didn't know you had one! No, I dropped you a line last night, and marked the letter "Private and Immediate."

*Sir C.* That's just where you made a mistake. We get about five thousand letters a day here. A van brings the first post every morning direct from St. Martin's-le-Grand. [*Going to a side table and fingering a large batch of letters.*] Our sorting clerks have instructions to put aside all letters addressed to me personally and marked private or urgent, and they are always opened last. [*Opening a letter.*] Yes, here's yours.

*Francis.* Why are they opened last?

*Sir C.* It's the dodge of every begging-letter writer in England to mark his envelope "Private and Urgent." [*Throws letter into waste-paper basket after glancing at it.*]

*Francis.* I see. You may be said to have an organization here!

*Sir C. [putting his hands in his pockets and smiling superiorly].* You bet! Considerably over a thousand people earn their bread and butter in this building, and wages run from five bob on to a hundred pounds a week. What price that, eh?

*Francis.* Well, Charlie, we were



never given to praising each other, but I'll go this far—you're a caution!

*Sir C.* I believe I am. In fact, I must be. I've revolutionized journalism, and I'm only forty. [A pause.] You're forty-one.

*Francis.* And the staid Johnny is forty-three. I was asking the mater the other day in a letter what she thought of having three sons all over forty.

*Sir C.* Does she make you write to her every week?

*Francis.* Yes.

*Sir C.* So she does me, too. I never know what to say to her.

*Francis.* Been down to the Five Towns lately?

*Sir C.* No—not lately. No time, you know.

*Francis.* And Johnny? Does he come much to London?

*Sir C.* Not often, I think. I imagine from what the mater says that his practice must be growing pretty rapidly.

*Francis.* What's his wife like?

*Sir C.* Oh, very decent woman, I should imagine.

*Francis.* Your relations with the family appear to be chiefly a work of imagination, my boy.

*Sir C.* And what about yours? Seeing that not a single member of the family has set eyes on you for nineteen years—

*Francis.* But I'm different. I'm a wanderer. I'm one of those people who seem to have no pressing need of a home, or a national anthem, or relatives, or things of that kind. Of course one likes to meet one's relatives sometimes.

*Sir C.* No home? But what on earth do you do with yourself?

*Francis.* I just go about and keep my eyes open—and try to understand what I see.

*Sir C.* Nothing else?

*Francis.* That takes me all my time.

*Sir C.* [staring at him]. It's you that's the caution, not me!

*Francis.* We're getting over it rather well, I think.

*Sir C.* Getting over what? What do you—

*Francis.* Over the awkwardness of this first interview. I hope I'm not interfering with business.

*Sir C.* [heartily]. Not in the least. My theory is that if a really big concern is properly organized, the boss ought to be absolutely independent of all routine. He ought to be free for anything that turns up unexpectedly. Anyhow, I am.

*Francis.* Well, I candidly confess that this business of yours is just a size larger than I expected.

*Sir C.* Yes, it's big—big. We own about forty different publications; two London dailies, three provincial dailies, five popular penny weeklies, two six-penny weeklies, three illustrated monthlies, four ladies' papers, six sporting and athletic, five religious papers, two Sunday papers—

*Francis.* What's the subtle difference between a religious paper and a Sunday paper?

*Sir C.* Oh, they're—well, they're quite different!

*Francis.* Really!

*Sir C.* Four halfpenny comic papers, four boys' papers, and I don't know what else.

*Francis.* I distinctly remember you saying once at school there wasn't a schoolboys' paper fit to wipe your feet on—you were always buying them to see.

*Sir C.* And there wasn't! It was a boys' paper I began with—"The Lad's Own Budget." The schoolboy was the foundation of this business. And let me tell you our capital is now nearly two and a half millions.

*Francis.* The deuce it is!

*Sir C.* Yes, didn't you know?

*Francis.* No, and I suppose you're the principal proprietor?

*Sir C.* What do *you* think? Kendrick and I, we control a majority of the shares. Kendrick—that's the man who was here when you came in—gets a salary of five thousand a year.

*Francis.* Well, this is very interesting. I've had all sorts of disconcerting impressions since I reached Charing Cross twenty-four hours ago—when I saw that Exeter Hall was gone, reason tottered on her throne—but really Charlie! Really, Charlie! It sounds a strange thing to say of one's own brother—but you are the most startling phenomenon of the age.

*Sir C.* That's what I'm beginning to think myself.

*Francis.* Of course, you're a millionaire.

*Sir C.* Pooh! I was a millionaire six years ago. Surely you must have got a notion from the mater's letters?

*Francis.* Very vague! She chiefly writes about Johnny's bables.

*Sir C.* [laughs shortly]. It's true I never give her any precise details, lest the old lady should think I was bragging. She hates that.

*Francis.* I'm just the least bit in the world staggered.

*Sir C.* Well, there it is! [leans back in his chair].

*Francis.* All this, I suppose, from Uncle Joe's ten thousand.

*Sir C.* Precisely. What have you done with *your* ten thousand?

*Francis.* Nothing. Just lived on it.

*Sir C.* Do you mean to say you can live on the interest of ten thousand and travel?

*Francis.* Why, of course. All an Englishman has to do is to avoid his compatriots. What puzzles me is how you can get through even a decent fraction of *your* income.

*Sir C.* Oh! with one thing and another, I get through a goodish bit. You heard I bought Hindhead Hall?

*Francis.* Yes. What did you buy it for?

*Sir C.* Well, I thought I ought to have a place in the country.

*Francis.* To go with the knighthood?

*Sir C.* If you like. You must come down and see Hindhead.

*Francis.* Great joke, that knighthood! What did they give it you for?

*Sir C.* Well—I'm supposed to be somebody.

*Francis.* I always thought knighthoods were given to nobodies.

*Sir C.* [a little testily]. That depends! That depends! And let me tell you that the knighthood is only a beginning.

*Francis* [shortly]. Ah! Only a beginning! [smiling]. I say, what did Johnny say about the knighthood?

*Sir C.* Nothing.

*Francis.* What interests me is, *how* you managed to do it.

*Sir C.* Do what? Get the knighthood? That's—

*Francis* [interrupting him brusquely]. No. The—the success, the million, the splash.

*Sir C.* I can tell you this—I did it honestly. That's another thing about me—I'm probably the only millionaire in the world with a clear conscience. What d'ye think of that? People say that no one can make a million in ten years and not be a scoundrel. But I did. I've never tried to form a trust. I've never tried to ruin a competitor. I've never sweated my chaps. They have to work hard, and I give 'em pepper, and I'd sack one as soon as look at him, but they are well paid—some of 'em are handsomely paid. The price of labor in journalism has gone up, and it's thanks to me. Another thing—I give the best value for money that ever was given.

*Francis.* Yes, but *how* did you do it? What's your principle?

*Sir C.* I've only got one principle. Give the public what it wants. Don't

give the public what you think it ought to want, or what you think would be good for it; but what it actually does want. I argue like this. Supposing you went into a tobacconist's and asked for a packet of cigarettes, and the tobacconist told you that cigarettes were bad for you, and that he could only sell you a pipe and tobacco—what should you say? [*He rises excitedly*].

*Francis.* Now what should I say? I don't think I should be able to think of anything clever enough until I got outside the shop.

*Sir C.* [*not laughing, but insisting on his argument*]. You see my point, eh? You see my point? I've got no moral axes to grind. I'm just a business man [*more excitedly*].

*Francis.* My dear boy, I'm not contradicting you.

*Sir C.* I know. I know. But some people make me angry. There seems to be a sort of notion about that because it's newspapers I sell, and not soap or flannel, I ought to be a cross between General Booth, H. G. Wells, and the Hague Conference. I'm a manufacturer, just like the fellows that sell soap and flannel: only a d—d sight more honest. There's no deception about my goods. You never know what there is in your soap or your flannel, but you know exactly what there is in my papers, and if you aren't pleased you don't buy. I make no pretence to be anything but a business man. And my specialty is, what the public wants—in printed matter.

*Francis.* But how did you find out what it wants? I suppose it wasn't vouchsafed to you in a dream.

*Sir C.* [*hesitating*]. I—I don't exactly know. . . . I began by thinking about what I should want myself. "The Lad's Own Budget" was the first. I knew well enough what I wanted when I was a boy of twelve, for in-

stance; and as most boys are alike—you see! . . . I put on the market a paper that I actually did want when I was twelve. . . . And you may believe me when I tell you that hot cakes were simply not in it, not in it! . . . And so I went on, always keeping in mind—[*Enter Page-boy with newspaper and letters, etc., on a salver. Exit.*]

*Francis.* So the red disk doesn't absolutely bar the door to everybody?

*Sir C.* What do you mean? Oh, the messenger! He always comes in at this time [*looks at clock*]. He's four minutes late, by the way [*looks at his watch*]. No, it's that clock [*glancing at paper and letters, then resuming his discourse*]. Always keeping in mind how I captured the boy of twelve. I've sometimes thought of having an inscription painted over the door there: "Don't forget the boy of twelve"—[*hastily*] just for a lark, you know. At last I got as far as the "Daily Mercury," and I don't fancy any newspaper proprietor in my time is likely to get much further. A twelve-page paper for a halfpenny and the most expensive news service on earth! What do you think? [*glancing again at letters*].

*Francis.* I must confess I've never read the "Mercury."

*Sir C.* [*astounded*]. Never read the "Mercury"? Everybody reads the "Mercury."

*Francis.* I don't.

*Sir C.* [*solemnly*]. Do you seriously mean to say you've never read the "Mercury"? Why, man, it's nine years old, and sells over nine hundred thousand copies a day!

*Francis.* I noticed it about everywhere in the streets this morning, and so I bought a copy, and put it in my pocket, intending to have a look at it, but I forgot. Yes, here it is [*taking folded paper from his pocket*].

*Sir C.* [*still astounded*]. Well, I

said it was you who were the caution, and by Jove it is! What do you read?

*Francis.* When I'm out of reach of a daily post I read the "Times" Weekly Edition. Of course, my first care this morning was to get the "Manchester Guardian." I always have that when I can.

*Sir C.* Surprising what a craze there is among you cultured people for the "Manchester Guardian"! I'm always having that thrown at my head. Here! [*tossing over newspaper from salver*]. Here's the fourth edition of the "Evening Courier" just off the machine. Never read that either, I suppose.

*Francis.* No.

*Sir C.* [*nodding his head as one with no further capacity for surprise*]. Well, well! It's a sort of evening "Mercury." Have a look at it! Just excuse me for two minutes, will you? I must dictate one or two things at once. [*Sits down to dictaphone, and begins speaking into it.*] Mr. Cookson. Write Medways—you know, the clock people—

*Francis* [*curious, examining*]. Hello! What's that dodge?

*Sir C.* It's a dictaphone. Never seen one before? Shorthand clerks get on your nerves so. You blaze away into it and then it repeats what you've said to the clerk—elsewhere, thank heaven!

*Francis.* How amusing!

*Sir C.* [*into dictaphone*].—to cancel their contract for regulating clocks. They've been warned twice. Mine's four minutes fast. Write to Pneumatic Standard Time Company, or whatever its name is, and get an estimate for all the clocks in building. Typewriter. My dear Lady Calder, Many thanks for your most—

*Francis.* [*looking at "Courier"*]. I say, who's Chate?

*Sir C.* Chate? Chate? He's a convict who got ten years for killing his mother or something. Let off lightly

under the First Offenders Act, I suppose. Immensely celebrated for his escape from Dartmoor Prison. They didn't catch him again for a fortnight. . . . Why?

*Francis.* Only because of this, all across the front page of the "Courier": [*pointing*] "Chate, now at Holloway, comes out to-morrow."

*Sir C.* Ah! [*He suddenly gets up and goes to door r. and opens it.*] I say, Kendrick, are you there? Just a second. [*Enter Kendrick.*]

*Kendrick.* Yes?

*Sir C.* Oh, Francis, this is Mr. Kendrick. Kendrick, my brother.

*Kendrick* [*surprised*]. Glad to meet you, sir. [*They shake hands.*]

*Sir C.* [*to Kendrick*]. You arranged about Chate? [*Francis returns to study his newspapers.*]

*Kendrick.* Chate?

*Sir C.* I told you three months ago we must have his story written by himself for the "Sunday Morning News."

*Kendrick.* Oh, yes! Well, it couldn't be done!

*Sir C.* Why?

*Kendrick.* We found that the "Sentinel" people had been paying his wife a pound a week for years on the understanding that they had his stuff when he came out.

*Sir C.* What do I care for the "Sentinel" people? If they have been paying a pound a week that's their lookout. We have got to have the story. If it's worked properly it'll be—

*Kendrick.* Afraid it's too late now.

*Sir C.* Too late! Not a bit! Look here. Send young Perkins with a shorthand clerk. He must take the Renault car, and be outside Holloway Prison at five-thirty to-morrow morning. Let him have £200 in gold—gold, mind! You've time before the bank closes. He must be ready for Chate. The wife is certain to be there. Let him make friends with her. Tell her

the car is absolutely at their disposal. He can suggest breakfast. They're bound to accept. Anyhow, let him get Chate into some private room somewhere, out of London if possible. Then he can show the money. He must *show* the money. Roll it about the table. Explain to Chate that the money will be handed over to him after he has talked for a couple of hours about his escape and so on, and signed his name. The clerk can come back here by train with the stuff; but Perkins must take Chate, and his wife too if necessary, off to the seaside for a jaunt. He must take 'em out and lose 'em till Saturday morning. It'll be too late for the "Sentinel" people to do anything then. And you must begin to advertise as soon as the clerk turns up with the stuff. Is it all clear?

Kendrick. Yes.

Sir C. Well, there's just time for the bank. Thanks very much.

Kendrick. By the way, I find there's a silly sort of mistake in the "Mercury" leader this morning.

Sir C. Oh! What?

Kendrick. Cetinje is mentioned as the capital of Bosnia.

Sir C. Well, isn't it?

Kendrick. Seems not. It ought to be Sarajevo. The worst of it is that it can't be explained as a slip of the pen, owing to unfortunate circumstantial details.

Sir C. Don't refer to it at all, then. Sit tight on it. I suppose that's Smythe's fault. [Kendrick nods.] Pity he's so careless—he's got more snap than all the rest of the crowd put together. I say, don't let them be too late for the bank.

Kendrick. No. [In a lower voice.] I hear a question is to be asked as to us in the House this afternoon.

Sir C. [after a little pause]. That's good! You might send that in to me as soon as it comes along.

Kendrick. Right oh! [Exit r.]

Sir C. [after looking at Francis, who is absorbed in newspapers, turns to dictaphone]—kind invitation, which I am very sorry not to be able to accept, as I shall be out of town on Sunday. With kind regards, Believe me, Yours sincerely. Typewriter. Don't type this on "Mercury" paper. Mr. Cookson. Ask Mr. Smythe to come round and see me at my flat at nine to-morrow morning. Mark the appointment for me. [Enter Kendrick.]

Kendrick. Sorry to disturb you [shutting door between the two rooms carefully, and speaking low]. Here's—

Sir C. Have you given those instructions?

Kendrick. Yes, yes. Here's Macquoid. He insists on seeing you, and as I know you want to humor him a bit—

Francis [looking up from papers sharply]. Is that Simon Macquoid the critic?

Sir C. Yes. I've just taken him on for "Men and Women"—our best sixpenny weekly. He's pretty good, isn't he?

Francis. Pretty good! He's the finest dramatic critic in Europe. I should like to meet him.

Sir C. Well, you shall. Bring him in, Kendrick, will you? [Exit Kendrick.]

Francis. He knows what he's talking about, that chap does, and he can write. [Enter Kendrick and Macquoid.]

Sir C. How do you do, Mr. Macquoid?

Macquoid [very curtly]. How do you do?

Sir C. May I introduce my brother, Francis Worgan, an admirer of yours.

Francis [rising and showing his pleasure]. I'm delighted to—

Macquoid [cutting him short]. How do you do? [Exit Kendrick.]

Sir C. Take this chair.

Macquoid. Sir Charles, I want to know what you mean by allowing ad-

ditions to be made to my signed articles without my authority.

*Sir C.* [quickly resenting the tone]. Additions—without your authority!

*Macquoid* [taking an illustrated paper from under his arm and opening it]. Yes, sir. I have gathered since seeing this that you do it to other contributors; but you won't do it to me. My article on the *matinée* at the Prince's Theatre ended thus, as I wrote it: "Despite the strange excellence of the play—which has in a high degree the disturbing quality, the quality of being *troublant*—the interpretation did not amuse me. Mr. Percival Crocker, 'abounding,' as the French say, 'in his own sense,' showed pale gleams of comprehension; the rest of the company were as heaven made them." That's how I finished. But I find this added, *above* my signature [in a shocked tone]; "This performance is to in all probability be followed by three others." [Stands aghast.] Look at it! [hands paper to *Sir C.*]

*Sir C.* [stiffly]. Well, Mr. Macquoid, there's surely nothing very dreadful about that. I have no doubt we put it in to oblige the theatre. Moreover, I see that without it the page would have been two lines short.

*Macquoid.* Nothing very dreadful? "To-in-all-probability-be-followed." It's an enormity, sir, an enormity!

*Sir C.* [very stiffly]. I'm afraid I don't quite follow you.

*Francis.* Mr. Macquoid no doubt means the split infinitive.

*Macquoid.* I should think I did mean the split infinitive! I was staggered, positively staggered, when I looked at my article. Since then I've been glancing through your paper, and I find split infinitives all over it! Scarcely a page of the wretched sheet without a portrait of a chorus girl and a split infinitive! Monstrous!

*Sir C.* I regret the addition, but I'm

bound to say I don't understand your annoyance.

*Macquoid.* Regret is useless. You must put in an apology, or at any rate an explanation, in next week's issue. I have my reputation to think about. If you imagine, Sir Charles, that because you pay me thirty pounds a month you have the right to plaster my work with split infinitives, you are tremendously mistaken.

*Sir C.* [shortly and firmly]. We shall not apologize, Mr. Macquoid, and we shall not explain. It would be contrary to our practice.

*Macquoid* [furious]. You are unscrupulous, Sir Charles. Get another dramatic critic. I've done with you. Good-day. [Exit quickly.]

*Sir C.* [laughing in spite of himself]. Well, of all the infernal cheek! That's the worst of these cultured johnnies. They're mad, every one of 'em. [In a different tone.] I say, what is a split infinitive?

*Francis.* A split infinitive is a cardinal sin.

*Sir C.* Apparently. But what is it?

*Francis.* In our beautiful English tongue, the infinitive mood of a verb begins with the particle "to."

*Sir C.* [thinking of *Macquoid*]. D—n the fellow!

*Francis.* Thus, "to swear." Now the "to" must never, never be separated from its verb, not even by a single word. If you write "To swear foolishly," you are correct. But if you write "To foolishly swear," you commit an infamy. And you didn't split your infinitive with one word, you split it with three. Imagine the crime.

*Sir C.* And do you mean to say that you cultured people care about that sort of thing?

*Macquoid.* You see it's worth thirty pounds a month to Macquoid.

*Sir C.* Ah! But he's in the Civil Service! Half of them are. [Sir Charles has rung a bell, and taken the



record out of the dictaphone. *Enter Page-boy, to whom he hands the record in silence. Exit Page-boy.*

*Francis [putting his two newspapers on his knee].* I suppose the question in Parliament that Mr. What's-his-name mentioned is about the Anglo-German crisis that I see in both these papers.

*Sir C.* You may depend it is. We're running that for all it's worth. If that two-column special telegram from Constantinople doesn't wake up the B.P. to what Germany is doing in the Near East, then nothing will. The fact is, no Government could ignore that telegram. And I may tell you, strictly between you and me—even Kendrick doesn't know it—I practically arranged for a question to be put.

*Francis [raising his eyebrows].* Really, you can do that sort of thing, eh?

*Sir C.* Can I do it! Ah, ah!

*Francis.* Well, I read both the "Times" and the "Manchester Guardian" this morning, and I hadn't the least idea that there was any war scare at all. Everything seemed calm. But now I've looked at your "Mercury" and "Courier," I feel as if the world was tumbling about my ears. I see that not merely is Germany mobilizing in secret, but the foundations of Westminster Abbey are in a highly dangerous condition, and according to seven bishops the sanctity of the English home is gravely threatened by the luxury of London restaurants. Also you give on page seven of the "Mercury"—I think it is—a very large portrait of a boy aged eleven who weighs two hundred pounds.

*Sir C.* No, the "Courier."

*Francis.* It's all the same except for the difference in color.

*Sir C.* We paid five pounds for that photograph.

*Francis.* Well, as you say here, it's amazing. I've counted the word

"amazing" twenty-three times [*glancing at papers*]. "Whirlwinds of oratory. Bryan speaks ten million words. Amazing figures." "Gold despised by burglars. Amazing haul of diamonds." "Colonel as correspondent. Amazing letters." "Child-cruelty in a vicarage. Amazing allegations." "Strange scene in a West-End flat. Amazing pranks." "Sudden crisis in Wall Street. Amazing rush." "Kidnapped at midnight. Amazing adventure." "The unwritten law. Husband's amazing coolness." "The fresh-egg industry. Amazing revelations." And so on, to say nothing of Germany. Do you keep it up to that pitch every day?

*Sir C. [not altogether pleased].* They like it.

*Francis.* You ought to serve a liqueur brandy with every copy of these papers.

*Sir C.* Of course, superior people may laugh—but that's what the public wants. I've proved it.

*Francis.* I'll only say this, Charlie: if that's what the public wants—how clever you were to find it out! I should never have thought of it!

*Sir C. [rising and taking up the "Mercury" which Francis has dropped on the floor].* See here, my boy, you think yourself devilish funny, but look at that front-page ad. Look at it!

*Francis [reading].* "Uric acid. . . . Life's misery. . . . All chemists. . . . A shilling and a halfpenny." Well? What about it?

*Sir C.* Nothing. Only we get three hundred pounds for that ad.—one insertion. I'm a business man, and that's what I call business. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

*Francis.* I suppose the "Mercury" must appeal specially to the uric acid classes.

*Sir C. [sitting down to dictaphone].* You may laugh—you may laugh! [*Into dictaphone.*] Mr. Ricketts. Macquoid

has ceased to be the dramatic critic of "M. and W." Before definitely making another appointment you might submit names to me. We want something superior, of course. I notice a number of split infinitives in this week's issue. They are out of place in a high-class illustrated. Watch this.

*Francis.* I say, Charlie.

*Sir C.* Well?

*Francis.* What do you say to giving me a trial as dramatic critic of "Men and Women"?

*Sir C.* [after a pause]. Can you write?

*Francis.* Can you?

*Sir C.* [taken aback and recovering himself]. Writing is no part of my job. . . . [Reflectively]. But I suppose you *can* write. In fact [as if studying him] you ought to be able to turn out something pretty smart. You might even be a "find" in journalism.

*Francis.* There's no knowing. Anyhow, one could try. You may take it from me I can write. I've got an idea that the English theatre must be a great joke.

*Sir C.* I never go myself. But they say it's a most frantic bore.

*Francis.* Yes. That's what I meant. I gather that on the whole it must be frantic enough to be worth studying. By the way, I went to a *matinée* at the Prince's Theatre yesterday.

*Sir C.* Sort of freak theatre, isn't it? Queer?

*Francis.* It's one of the most artistic shows I ever saw in my life.

*Sir C.* [seriously]. Artistic! Yes, I was told it was queer.

*Francis.* Who d'ye think I saw there—on the stage? Little Emily Nixon—you know, from Bursley.

*Sir C.* What? Sister of Abraham Nixon?

*Francis.* Yes. Don't you remember when we used to go to Nixon's on Saturday nights? She would be about

five then. Don't you remember she used to call you "Tarlie"?

*Sir C.* Oh! That child! Nice kid, she used to be.

*Francis.* Nice! She's delightful. I went round to the stage-door after, and took her out to tea. She's a widow. Hasn't a friend in the world, and must be deuced hard up, I should think. But she's charming. And as clever as they make 'em.

*Sir C.* What's she doing on the stage?

*Francis.* Oh! St. John took her on. She reads plays for him.

*Sir C.* St. John? Who's St. John?

*Francis.* He's the man that's running the Prince's Theatre. There's an artist if you like. . . . In spite of weak acting, the way that chap got what they call the Celtic glamor over the footlights was amazing!—[laughing at himself, half aside]. Yes, "amazing," since I'm in the "Mercury" building. By the way, she's coming to see you this afternoon.

*Sir C.* Who? Emily Nixon? But—

*Francis.* Now don't be a martyr. It's like this. She's been wanting to come and see you for some time. But she thought it would be no use—she'd heard so much about your being invisible.

*Sir C.* What does she want to see me for?

*Francis.* Some business, I suppose. I told her that of course you'd see her—like a shot. Or any one from Bursley. She asked when. So I said I should be here this afternoon and she'd better come then, and I'd arrange it. You might send word downstairs that when she comes she's to be shown up here at once.

*Sir C.* [looking at him]. No, you're not altered. Dispose of me, my boy. I am yours. The entire staff is yours. Your wish is law. [Into dictaphone.] Mr. Ricketts. Later. Dramatic critic

of "M. and W." I have appointed Mr. Francis Worgan, 11 Hamilton Place.

*Francis.* 11 Hamilton Place? I'm at the Golden Cross Hotel.

*Sir C.* You must leave it then, and come to my flat. I want you to see my flat. Look here, about screw?

*Francis.* Oh! that doesn't matter.

*Sir C. [into dictaphone].* Salary fifteen pounds a month. *[To Francis.]* That's quite fair. You aren't a Macquoid yet. *[Enter Page-boy with letters to sign, on a salver.]*

*Sir C. [taking letters, to Boy].* Tell the Sergeant that if—*[To Francis.]* What name does she go by, Frank?

*Francis.* Her husband was Sam Vernon. Mrs. Vernon.

*Sir C. [to Boy].* Tell the Sergeant that if a Mrs. Vernon calls to see me she is to be shown up at once. *[Exit Page-boy.]* Just let me sign these letters. *[Begins to sign them. Re-enter Page-boy.]* Hello! Oh! it's the tape. Give it to that gentleman. Look at it, Frank. *[Francis takes the slips from the boy. Exit Boy. Sir Charles continues to sign letters.]*

*Francis [after looking at the slips].* The Foreign Secretary seems to have guessed your ideal pretty closely.

*Sir C.* What do you mean?

*Francis.* Only instead of the boy of twelve he said the errand-boy.

*Sir C.* What on earth—

*Francis [reading].* "In reply Foreign Secretary said no particle of truth in statements of newspaper in question. Our relations with Germany perfectly harmonious. Every one ought to be aware that, after Hong-Kong, Constantinople was the worst manufactory of false news in the world. Every one ought also to be aware that journal referred to was written by errand-boys for errand-boys. Cheers!"

*Sir C. [rising].* Give it here. *[Takes slip, reads it, drops it on desk; then goes up to the disk signal and changes it from red to green then comes slowly*

*down stage. With a sudden furious outburst.]* The cursed swine!

*Francis [tranquilly].* But you said yourself—

*Sir C. [savagely].* Oh! go to h—l!

*Francis [tranquilly].* Very well! Very well! Who is the Foreign Secretary, by the way?

*Sir C.* Who is he? Lord Henry Godwin!

*Francis.* Oh, yes. Wrote a book on Dryden.

*Sir C.* I'd Dryden him if I had him here! *[still savagely].* If I had him here I'd—! Whenever he meets me you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. When his idiotic daughter was married to that braying ass of a duke, he wrote me to say how *pleased* she had been with the "Mercury's" special description of the wedding.

*Francis.* Wrote to you, did he?

*Sir C.* No mention of errand boys then!

*Francis.* Where do you meet him?

*Sir C.* Where do I meet him? At the Club. The Whitehall.

*Francis.* Do you belong to the Whitehall?

*Sir C.* Considering that I was specially elected by the Committee under Rule 9, I should say I did! Errand-boys! I sent Teddy Marriott specially out to Constantinople. I suppose nobody will deny he's the showiest of the whole gang of specials. Do you know what I pay him? Two thousand a year, all his expenses, and a pension of five hundred a year to his widow if he's killed on duty. What price that? Not much errand-boy about that! Look at his copy. Is it readable, or isn't it?

*Francis.* But after all, supposing what he says isn't true?

*Sir C.* Isn't true! Nobody ever said it was! Look at the thing!

*Francis [looking at paper].* Well! *[Reads.]* "England and her enemy.

Grave situation. Is the Government asleep?" All across two columns.

*Sir C.* Yes, yes. But what does he say at the end? [*looking over Francis's shoulder*]. "The above facts, which I have no wish to unduly emphasize, and which I give with due reserve, are the staple of current conversation in certain circles here, and I should be failing in my duty if I did not bring them to the attention of the British public.

*Francis.* Why didn't he begin by saying that?

*Sir C.* Oh, rot! You don't know what journalism is. He said it, and that's enough. We've got to give all the news there is going about, and we've got to sell the paper. And by G—— we do sell it! We spend money like water, and we have the largest circulation in the country. We please the largest public. We pay the highest prices. We make the largest profits. You may or may not like the paper, but nine hundred thousand of Lord Henry Godwin's esteemed fellow-citizens like it. And it's a national institution, let me tell you. It's a national institution! The swine might just as well say at once that the British nation is a nation of errand-boys.

*Francis.* You may bet he does do, in private.

*Sir C.* Let him say it in public, then! He daren't. None of 'em dare. I'm the only one that makes no pretences about the British nation. I know what they want and I give it 'em. And what then? Am I to be insulted? Are they to be insulted? What's the matter with the British nation, anyhow? From the way some of you superior people talk, one might think the British nation ought to be thankful it's alive.

*Francis.* But——

*Sir C.* [*carried away*] I'm told I'm unscrupulous because I "fan the war fever," as it's called, so as to send up

my circulation. I'm told I want a war. D——d nonsense! Nothing but d——d nonsense! All I want is for the public to have what it wants. It's the public that would like a war, not me. The public enjoys the mere thought of a war. Proof: my circulations. I'm told I pander to the passions of the public. Call it that, if you like. It's what everybody is *trying* to do. Only I succeed. . . . Mind you, I *don't* call it that. I call it supplying a legitimate demand. When you've been to the barber to be shaved, do you round on him for pandering to your passions? You superior people make me sick! Sick! Errand-boys, indeed! Cheers! There's a lot of chaps in the House that would like to be errand-boys of my sort. Cheers, eh! I could have scores of the swine to lick my boots clean every morning if I wanted! Scores! I don't make out to be anything except a business man, but that's no reason why I should stand the infernal insolence of a pack of preposterous hypocrites.

*Francis.* But——

*Sir C.* If I couldn't organize some of their departments better than they do, I'd go out and sell my own papers in the Strand! Let 'em come here, let 'em see my counting-house, and my composing-rooms, and my special trains—I'd show 'em.

*Francis.* But——

*Sir C.* And I'll tell you another thing. [*Francis gets up and approaches the door.*] Where are you going to?

*Francis.* I'm going to h—l! I'll come back later, after the monologue.

*Sir C.* Hold on. What were you going to say?

*Francis.* I was merely going to ask why, if you're only a business man, you should worry yourself about these superior people. Why not leave them alone? You mentioned flannel; or was it soap? Supposing they do accuse you of having persuaded nine hundred thousand errand-boys to buy soap—

dash it, you ought to take it as a compliment! You aren't logical.

*Sir C.* Yes, I am. Let them leave me alone, and I'll leave them alone. But they won't. And it's getting worse. That's the point. It's getting worse.

*Francis* [after a pause]. This is really very interesting.

*Sir C.* [snorting, offended]. Is it? Thanks!

*Francis.* Now look here, Charlie. Of course we're strangers, but still I'm your brother. Don't be an ass. When I say that this is really very interesting, I mean that it *is*. I'm not laughing at you. My attitude to you—and to everybody, as far as that goes—is entirely sympathetic. Because after all we're all in the same boat.

*Sir C.* All in the same boat? How in the same boat?

*Francis.* Well, on the same planet. Always getting in each other's way. And death staring all of us in the face! You keep on talking about superior people. There aren't any.

*Sir C.* There's a lot that think they are.

*Francis.* And if there are! They can't do you any harm. So why shout? What do you want?

*Sir C.* I want to give them beans.

*Francis.* Well, from what I know of you, I would have been ready to wager that if you wanted to give them beans, beans they would instantly get. Now as regards this Godwin person for example. What's to prevent you from conferring upon him the gift of beans in the presence of your morning audience of nine hundred thousand, and your afternoon audience of I don't know how many? You've got paper, ink, printing-presses, special trains, writers—

*Sir C.* That's just where you're wrong. I haven't got a writer in the place that can do what I want doing.

*Francis.* Didn't you mention some

one named Smythe, as being very wonderful?

*Sir C.* Yes, he's the chief of the editorial staff of the "Mercury." But he couldn't do this. You don't understand. He could give Lord Henry beans for the benefit of our public, and he will! But he couldn't persuade Lord Henry that the swine had *got* beans. He couldn't *do* it. It's a different sort of thing that's needed—not *our* snap, something else. Smythe doesn't know enough.

*Francis.* Well, why don't you go out and get some one who does?

*Sir C.* Can't. I've tried. I've had several of you superior people in this shop, and at fancy salaries too; but it doesn't work. Either they lose their own snap because they think they must imitate ours, or they come down with stuff that nobody else in the blessed building can make head or tail of, and that would ruin the paper in a fortnight. . . . [In a different tone.] How do I strike you, straight now?

*Francis.* How do you strike me?

*Sir C.* As a man. Am I a born fool, or something just a bit out of the common in the way of ability.

*Francis.* Well, it's quite impossible to believe that a man is a genius if you've been to school with him, or even known his father. But I don't mind telling you, in the most unbrotherly way, that if I were meeting you now for the first time, I should say you were something in the nature of a genius—a peculiar kind, of course—but still—

*Sir C.* [quickly]. Well, let me tell you this—somehow your intellectual, your superior people won't have anything to do with me, anything serious, that is! There seems to be a sort of boycott among 'em against me! I don't think I have an acquaintance that I don't despise, and I haven't got any pals at all. Mind you, I've never

said as much before to any one. I can put it in a nutshell. It's like this. Supposing some people are talking about Swinburne, or theosophy, or social reform, or any of those things, and I come along—well, they immediately change the conversation and begin about motor-cars!

*Francis.* But do you really care about Swinburne—and those things?

*Sir C.* I don't know. I've never tried. But that's not the point. The point is that I'm just as good as they are, and I don't like their attitude.

*Francis.* There's only one thing for you to do, my boy—get married.

*Sir C.* [continuing his train of thought]. I object to being left out in the cold. They've no right to do it.

*Francis.* [repeating his own tone]. There's only one thing for you to do, my boy—get married.

*Sir C.* [quietly]. I know.

*Francis.* Some nice, charming, intellectual woman. You could have an A1 house—first class, but not stiff. Tip-top dinners, without a lot of silly ceremony. A big drawing-room, and a little one opening off it where they could talk to her—you know the sort of thing. You'd soon see how she'd rope 'em in for you. It would really be very interesting to watch. Once get the right sort of woman—!

*Sir C.* Exactly. But you rattle on as if these nice, charming, intellectual women were sitting about all over the place waiting for me. They aren't. I've never seen one that would do.

*Francis.* Well, you won't get where you want to be without a woman. So you'd better set to and find one.

*Sir C.* Where?

*Francis.* I don't know. . . . Who's Lady Calder, for instance?

*Sir C.* Lady Calder? Oh! she wouldn't wait to be asked twice.

*Francis.* What age?

*Sir C.* Oh! younger than me.

*Francis.* Much?

*Sir C.* No! Besides—well, she's a nice woman, but there's too much of the county family touch about her. Sporting, you see. The late Calder lived for nothing but the abolition of wire fences. Before I knew where I was I should be let in for a steam yacht. She's a widow, of course, and that's in her favor [hesitatingly].

*Francis.* Is she intellectual?

*Sir C.* She would be if I wanted her to be [half sheepishly].

*Francis.* That's no good, no good at all! [With a sudden outburst of discovery]. I know who you ought to marry.

*Sir C.* Who?

*Francis.* Emily Vernon.

*Sir C.* Me marry an actress! No, thanks!

*Francis.* She isn't an actress.

*Sir C.* You said she was.

*Francis.* No, I said she was on the stage. She can't act for nuts. But she's the very woman for you. Pretty; and awfully decent. Oh! and she can talk, my boy, she can talk. And she knows what she's talking about. Intellectual, eh? I bet she could wipe the floor with some of these women novelists.

*Sir C.* And I suppose she hasn't a cent.

*Francis.* What does that matter?

*Sir C.* Not a bit.

*Francis.* You'd never guess she was hard up, to look at her. She'd run a big house for you, and be even with the best of them. And then she comes from Bursley. She's our sort.

*Sir C.* Go on! Go on! I shall be married to her in a minute.

*Francis.* No, but really!

*Sir C.* What's she coming here for, to-day, by the way?

*Francis.* I gathered that it was a question of— [Enter Page-boy].

*Page-boy.* Mrs. Vernon.

*Sir C.* [after a pause]. Show her in! [Enter Emily Vernon. Exit Page-boy.]



*Francis* [approaching her]. Well, Emily. I'm here, you see. We were just talking about you. [Shakes hands.]

*Emily*. Arithmetic, I suppose?

*Francis*. Arithmetic?

*Emily*. Adding up my age. [Taking *Sir Charles's* hand.] So it's you? Exactly the same!

*Sir C.* Really?

*Emily*. Yes. I'm quite relieved. I expected something majestic and terrible, something like a battleship. I did, truly. Now what am I to call you?

*Sir C.* What you used to call me.

*Emily*. Charlie.

*Francis*. No, you always called him Tarlie.

*Emily*. I'm sure I never did. Every one used to say that I talked just like a little woman. The fact is, I was born at the wrong end, and I'm getting more childish every day. I say, Charlie, I do wish I'd known a little earlier that you weren't a battleship. I'd worked myself up into a fine state of nervousness.

*Sir C.* You don't seem nervous.

*Emily*. No. But I am. At least, I was. When I'm amusing and clever, that's a sure sign I'm very nervous. People say, "How bright she is!" And all the time I'm shivering with fright. When I'm quite at my ease I become quite dull. Natural idleness, I expect.

*Sir C.* Well, suppose we sit down? [They sit.]

*Emily*. How nice it is of you to see me like this! Now, there was another illusion. I always thought you were most frightfully difficult to see.

*Sir C.* Not to any one from the Five Towns, and especially from Bursley.

*Francis*. Don't you believe it! I assure you that I only got at him this afternoon over the dead bodies of a soldier and five office-boys.

*Emily* [to *Francis*]. Yes, I guessed it was you who had made straight the pathway. [To *Sir C.*] *Francis* and I

got rather intimate yesterday—didn't we, *Francis*?—over the Yeats play.

*Francis*. Very! Very! But the butter-scotch helped, you know.

*Emily*. I never asked you how you thought I said my lines, and you never told me.

*Francis*. Oh, well. I daresay you've seen what Macquoid said of the first performance. He said you were as heaven made you! . . . So you must have been very fine.

*Emily*. How horrid he is! He really is horrid! . . . I suppose I oughtn't to say that to you, Charlie, as he's on one of your papers now. Of course I know he's generally right. That's what makes it so annoying.

*Sir C.* Say anything you choose. He's no longer on our staff.

*Emily*. You've dismissed him?

*Sir C.* It comes to that.

*Emily*. Oh! Rejoicing in Zion! A sigh of relief will run through the whole profession. And who's going to take his place?

*Francis*. Me, madam.

*Emily*. Well, it's just like a fairy-tale. But I wonder if our young and untried friendship will stand the awful strain.

*Francis*. I've decided what I shall do in regard to you. If I can't honestly praise you, I shan't mention you at all.

*Emily*. Charlie, let me beg you to dispense with his services at once. He'll be more disliked even than Macquoid. [To *Francis*.] Do you know what we're going to produce next—if we can keep open? Ford's "Broken Heart."

*Francis* [recites].

"Crowns may flourish and decay;  
Beauties shine, but fade away;  
Youth may revel, yet it must  
Lie down in a bed of dust."

*Emily*. Yes, isn't it lovely? Don't you think it's a lovely play, Charlie.

*Sir C.* Never read it. Ford, did you

say? Don't know him. You see, I'm so taken up—

*Emily* [*sympathetically*]. I know how busy you must be. But if you *could* find time to read "The Broken Heart," I'm sure you'd enjoy it. Has Francis told you what I've come about?

*Francis*. I was just beginning to explain when you arrived and interrupted me.

*Emily*. How clumsy of me! [*composing her features*]. Well, it's like this, Charlie [*laughs*].

*Sir C.* What's the joke?

*Emily*. Nothing. Only nervousness! Mere hysterics! I was just thinking how absurd I have been to come here and worry you. Francis, do explain.

*Francis* [*to Sir Charles*]. The creature is after money.

*Emily* [*with a cry of protest*]. You appalling and unprincipled bungler! [*To Charlie*.] It's like this. Our chief is a very great man.

*Sir C.* St. John—is it? [*Turns to Francis as if for confirmation*.]

*Emily*. Yes. We always call him the Chief. He's a most fearful brute. He stamps on us and curses us, and pays us miserably, miserably, and we all adore him, and nobody knows why. He simply cares about nothing but his theatre; and of course for producing a play, there's only him. But as a man of business—well, it would be no use trying to describe what he is as a man of business; an infant in arms could give him lessons in business through the post. Now only a fortnight ago, when the Chancellor of Oxford University made that appeal for funds, what do you think the Chief did? He sent twenty pounds, just because he rowed once in the Boat-race. And he simply hadn't got twenty pounds.

*Sir C.* Clever chap!

*Emily*. Wasn't it splendid of him? The Prince's might be a success if somebody with money would come in and look after the business side, and

never let the Chief see a cheque-book.

*Sir C.* Isn't it a success? I thought I saw an advertisement in the "Mercury" to-day that the new *matinées* were very successful.

*Emily*. Artistically, yes. Artistically, they're a record. But the fact has escaped the public. We are not at the moment what you'd call turning money away. Most of the notices were very bad—of course.

*Sir C.* Were they? Was the "Mercury" bad? I forget.

*Emily*. No, I fancy it was rather nice.

*Sir C.* They say a good notice in the "Mercury" will keep any theatre open for at least a month.

*Emily*. Personally, I love the "Mercury." It's so exciting. Like bread and jam, without the bread. To me it's a sort of delicious children's paper—

*Francis* [*throwing his head back*]. There you are again, Charles.

*Emily* [*half laughing*]. I don't know what you're laughing at. I meant that for a compliment, Charlie. [*Sir Charles nods good-humoredly*.] Its domestic hints are splendid. But somehow the people who would be likely to come to the Prince's don't seem to read the "Mercury"—at any rate not for its dramatic criticism. The Prince's is a very special theatre, you see.

*Sir C.* Superior you mean? Intellectual?

*Emily* [*half mocking*]. Oh, yes! It's almost like a church.

*Sir C.* And this Chief of yours wants some one to put money into this church?

*Emily*. Yes. We're all of us trying to find capital, except him. You see, it's our livelihood. If the theatre were to close, where should I be, for instance? [*Laughs*.] I just happened to think of you, Charlie. The idea ran through my mind—like a mouse.

*Sir C.* How much would be needed?

*Emily.* Oh! I don't know. A thousand.

*Francis.* You mean five thousand.

*Emily.* Didn't I say five? I quite meant to. But my lips went wrong all by themselves.

*Sir C.* [shortly]. Oh! [A pause.]

*Emily.* Of course. Now that I'm here I can see how absurd it is. I said the Prince's might be a success—I mean financially—but honestly I don't believe it ever would. It's too good. And the Chief is too much of a genius. . . . Oh! whenever I think of him sending twenty pounds to Oxford like that, I wonder why millionaires can't attend to those great lumbering University things, instead of men like St. John. The thought of that twenty pounds always makes me perfectly furious. But the Chief's incurable.

*Sir C.* Well, I don't mind putting five thousand into the thing.

*Emily.* Really? But—but—supposing you lost it?

*Sir C.* Well, I don't mind losing it. Besides, I've never lost any money yet.

*Francis.* A new sensation for him!

*Sir C.* [ignoring Francis's remark]. If St. John would let me run him a bit.

*Emily* [with a solemn air]. Charlie, do you mean to say that you'll put five thousand pounds into the Prince's Theatre, just on the strength of me coming here and telling you about it?

*Sir C.* Yes.

*Emily.* When?

*Sir C.* Now.

*Emily.* I never heard of such goings-on. I hadn't the slightest idea it was so easy as that to get five thousand pounds.

*Sir C.* It isn't, usually. But this is a special case. I should like to help along a really superior—er—Intellectual—

*Emily* [heartily]. It is an honor, isn't it, after all? But people with money never seem to see that. . . . [Pinches herself.] Yes, I'm awake. Can I go

and tell the Chief, now, from you, that you're ready to—

*Sir C.* You can telephone to him this instant, if you like [pointing to telephone].

*Emily.* No, that won't do.

*Sir C.* Why not?

*Emily.* They cut off the theatre telephone this morning [a brief sobbing catch in her voice]. St. John would have had to close on Saturday if something hadn't turned up. I—I don't know what I should have done. I've been at the end of my tether once before. [Francis rises, alarmed by her symptoms.] I'm all right. I'm all right. [Laughs.]

*Sir C.* Shall I order up some tea?

*Emily.* No, no. I must go and tell him. I'm quite all right. I was only thinking how awkward it is to alter one's old frocks to this high-waisted Directoire style.

*Sir C.* [lame]. Why?

*Emily.* Because you can always shorten a skirt, but how are you to lengthen it? Well, I must go and tell him.

*Francis.* So much hurry as all that?

*Emily.* Let me go.

*Sir C.* But look here. When shall we see you again?

*Francis.* Yes, when shall we—

*Emily.* Can I bring St. John tomorrow morning?

*Sir C.* Certainly.

*Emily.* What time?

*Sir C.* Any time?

*Emily.* Eleven o'clock?

*Sir C.* All right. [Emily shakes hands with Sir Charles, appears to be about to speak, but is silent; then shakes hands quickly with Francis, and exits quickly under emotion. The men look at each other. Pause.]

*Francis.* Well! Have a cigarette?

*Sir C.* [moved]. No, thanks. She must have been through a thing or two, by G—!

*Francis.* Knocks you about a bit,

doesn't it—when it comes out sudden like that? I hadn't a notion. What do you think of her? All right, isn't she?

*Sir C.* [nods, after a pause]. She gave me another idea.

*Francis.* Oh? [*Lights a cigarette.*]

*Sir C.* Yes. I'm d—d if I don't  
The English Review.

give a hundred thousand pounds to Oxford University. Never occurred to me! That—and running the Prince's Theatre—

*Francis.* But you never went to Oxford.

*Sir C.* Do you think they'll make that an excuse for refusing it?

*Curtain*

(To be continued.)

## GARDENS WITHOUT FLOWERS.

BY SIR WILLIAM EDEN, BART.

I have come to the conclusion that it is flowers that ruin a garden, at any rate many gardens. Flowers in a cottage garden, yes. Hollyhocks against a gray wall; orange lilies against a white one; white lilies against a mass of green; aubretia and arabis and thrift to edge your walks. Delphiniums against a yew hedge and lavender anywhere. But the delight in color, as people say, in large gardens is the offensive thing: flowers combined with shrubs and trees! The gardens of the Riviera, for instance; Cannes and the much praised vulgar Monte Carlo—beds of begonias, cinerarias at the foot of a palm, the terrible crimson rambler trailing around its trunk. I have never seen a garden of taste in France. Go to Italy, go to Tivoli, and then you will see what I mean by the beauty of a garden without flowers—yews, cypress, statues, steps, fountains—sombre, dignified, restful. And as every picture should have a bit of distance to let the eye out of it, here and there you get a peep at the hills. Distant beauty in a glimpse—given in a setting—a bit at a time. And you may add if you like a moving figure; “an Eve in this Eden of ruling grace.” Above this as you look up, you recollect, is the Villa d’Este; classic—the garden and the architecture suited the one to the other. How I remember

the noble stone pines in the Borghese at Rome. The sad and reticent cypress in the Boboli Gardens at Florence round about the fountains—what depth and dignity of background; a place to wander in and be free. After all, the suitability of things is what is admirable. Are they “in value,” as artists say? The relation of tones correct? They do not swear? A woman suitably dressed, a man properly mounted, a picture well framed. People talk of color; “I like a bit of color in this cold and gloomy climate” they say. Agreed; but what is color and where? Titian was a colorist, but always low in tone. Put a yellow viola beside the brightest tints of Titian and you will see. Keep your effects subdued. Never mix reds or pinks and yellow; put yellow and orange and green and white together; put blues and mauves and grays together; and let your backgrounds be broad, neutral, plain. If you have an herbaceous border against a wall, let the creepers on that wall be without flowers or nearly so. Let the wall be the background to frame it. You would not hang a Titoretto on a Gobelin tapestried wall.

Have you ever been to Penshurst? There again is the beauty of a garden without flowers. It may have been accident; it may have been the time of year that made me like it so. There

is an orchard and yew hedges and Irish yews and grass paths. And there is a tank with lovely pink brick edges and sides and water lilies and fish, and it is surrounded by a yew hedge and grass paths, and its four corners have steps down to the wall, and a ball on each pedestal at its base. And the apple blossom peeps over the hedge; and the raw sienna of the lichen everywhere on the stone gives the richness of gold; and that's all there is in the color scheme. The only flowers I noticed were patches, unrestrained and unplanned, of auriculas, evidently from seed—all colors: many fringed with margins of gold like the eyes of "la fille aux yeux d'or" in Balzac's novel. All else was richness, depth, and calm, abstract but clearly felt.

Against this of course there is the garden of the Manor House, the wealth and luxuriance that is the result of the soil that suits and the flowers that dwell so happily against the gray old walls. There you can scarce go wrong—campanulas, foxgloves, endless lists of things. Flagged courtyards, flagged paths, sundials—you know it all. And if you can find a place with a moat, a clump of yews and a kingfisher, stay there if you can.

Never have flowers against a balustrade, only grass or gravel. Begonias, geraniums, calceolarias are hard to manage anywhere. Annuals are delightful, but their reign is short. Try *nemophila* called *discoidalis*—dull

The Saturday Review.

rather in color as they say and like auriculas more or less. *Linaria* too you know—a very useful purple—it goes well with *gypsophila*.

You must have noticed that many flowers most beautiful cut are impossible grown in beds. Carnations, for instance, roses, and sweet peas. You take your lady down to dinner. She is fond of flowers. She knows what she likes, and she admires the decorations. They are certain to be either sweet peas and *gypsophila* or *smilax* and malmaisons. You try to make way amongst the *smilax* for her knick-knacks—her fan, her gloves, her scent, her powder puff, her matches and cigarettes. Eventually she puts half of them on her lap, and you have to get them from the floor after dinner—which you hate—and she is more amused at your annoyance than grateful for your trouble. Such is her sense of humor and her manners.

Fruit is the proper decoration for a dinner table, not flowers. I am sure the Greeks only had fruit. Orchardson in that picture of "The Young Duke," I think it is, has fruit only in the wonderfully painted accessories of the dinner-table. The Dukes are all alike, but the fruit and plate are not. But all fruit is not beautiful. Oranges and bananas for instance are not. Grapes, apples, pears and pineapples are. What is more beautiful than black grapes with the bloom on them in a silver or gold dish?

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## THE GASTRONOMIC YEAR.

The procession of the months is always a pleasant thing to watch. It is the great interest in life to many quiet folk in country places. They note in their diaries the green spears of the snowdrops piercing the garden, the

rooks beginning to build, the swallows gathering on still, sunny mornings for their autumn flight. The Colonel looks up these entries and reads them to his wife. In towns one can tell what time of year it is by a glance at the

windows where they sell fruit, and fish and birds. Each season in turn is heralded by its own dainties, coming round unfailingly like the yellow wild flowers in April, the blue in May, or the pink in June. The first principle of the science of gastronomy is surely to eat things that are in season. The dishes should appear on the table, like William Morris's apples, "at the right time of the year." They should be the best that, just at that moment, is yielded by earth or sea. "To eat asparagus in January," as the German proverb says, is not only to waste money sinfully, and to eat a tasteless vegetable; it is to introduce a discord into the harmonious scheme of things.

Let us begin our year in late autumn, when the lamps are lighted early, and in the pleasant country town the muffin man's bell is once more heard in the street. Our modest epicure does not despise afternoon tea; the first crumpet touches him like the first primrose. With the same feeling with which he sees the wood's late wintry head with flaming primroses now all on fire, he hears the sound which calls up the frosty sunshine of old autumn mornings, and the years that are gone like the tinkle of the muffin man's bell. With the raw season, too, come the chestnuts, symbol of everything warm, and cosy, and friendly. They come in with the turkey chicken, the bird of November. At the same moment, with thoughtful kindness, Nature provides the celery. The delicious smell of celery is the very breath of autumn. The crown of the lordliest dinner is a pile of the uncut stalks in a great silver dish.

The dark months, too, from November to March, are the months of the oyster. This is the time of "angels on horseback" (without exception, the most poetic name in the whole nomenclature of cookery), of creamy oyster patties, of scalloped oysters, each with

its little pool of salty liquor in the bottom of the shell. "Vous vous en lécherez les doigts," to quote an old French phrase, coming down from days when people ate with their fingers, which according to our own proverb, were "made before forks." The nicest things, as prawns, asparagus, green artichoke, one eats with fingers still. Sometimes, as in the case of *écrevisses à la bordelaise*, the feat appears to the mere Englishman, not so much difficult as impossible; but French people perform it with exclamations of joy.

The event of March is the coming of lamb. Cold lamb and lettuce and mint sauce form perhaps the most satisfactory of human food. A loin of early lamb is a delicious joint, and the kidney the daintiest morsel that ever saluted the palate of man. It is a moot point whether the "one sauce" of the Gallic sneer is bread sauce or mint sauce. A better sauce than mint sauce was never invented. It has the simplicity, the inevitableness of genius, of the very best poetry. It is the exactly right thing.

From time immemorial eggs have been associated with Easter. An omelette calls up cheery Easter holidays in Normandy, old inns at Caen and Lisieux, long lines of light green poplars on blue hills. An English omelette is nearly always dried up, like the sole of an old shoe. Still, if one is happy in one's cook, an omelette is the dish for an April breakfast table. "Pesceduovo," "a fish of eggs," the Tuscans call it, from its shape.

Asparagus comes in with May. One may lunch off it very happily for thirty-one days, and not get tired. We mean the English asparagus, slim, and green, and purple-headed, of which one eats the whole, the asparagus of Cheshire, or Worcestershire, or Surrey, not the fat, white foreigner with its bitter stalk. It is delightful to say "good-bye" to chops and steaks for a whole



month, and lunch off something one can eat with one's fingers. But one should have gathered it oneself on warm May mornings, when the wet asparagus beds are alive with little leaping frogs. Gooseberry fool, too, must be mentioned as one of the innocent dainties of this fresh young time. The baby gooseberry needs not even cream, so soft and mild is it. It is the *agneau de Pauillac* of fruit.

A good menu for a June dinner would be green pea soup, a salmon trout, a chicken, and *banquettes aux fraises*. The fragile, fairy boats should be made in the slums of Soho, the only place in England where eatable fruit tarts can be obtained. Why the pastry of England should be so different from the pastry of France is a mystery. The most delicious morsels ever eaten by the writer were some red-currant tarts sent from the *pâtisserie* to the *auberge* of a little Norman town. They were the poetry, the "Ode to the Nightingale," the "Christabel" of food.

A wise gastronome would spend July and August by the sea. The fish bought on the beach, stiff and glittering, is one thing, and the fish of towns, preserved in ice and chemicals for days and weeks, is quite another. Prawns should never be eaten but on the blithe, sweet Channel shore. Few things are more delightful than to suck the very soul and savor of the sea out of quite fresh prawns, swelling and bursting with their salt juice. They should be served last, at lunch; they seem a thing to linger on. Mussels one should gather for oneself, on the rocks far out,

The Nation.

choosing the little gilded shells and throwing the big blue ones away. The best kind of sole, by the way, is a sole dieppoise. "Dieppoise," of course, spells mussels, as "portugaise" does tomatoes, or "lyonnaise" onions. The gray mullet, not the red, the mullet of the Sussex coast, the "Arundel mullet" of the proverb, which is so seldom seen in the shops, is without exception the best fish that swims.

An August dinner should begin with bisque of lobster, there should be grouse in it or perhaps a leveret, and it should end with black, fat figs. For late August or early September the mulberry trees are loaded with their fruit. One needs to pluck them in some dewy garden; they cannot be bought in shops. They give the very savor of the earth, its autumn goodness and ripeness, as prawns do of the sea. Later in the month, when the blackberries are ripe, smothered in clotted cream, they are fit food for angels. September, too, gives us the mushroom, that peculiar joy of English meadows, more delicious than any truffle that ever came out of Provence or Gascony.

So the year comes round to the gorgeous month of pheasants, and one comes back from wandering in the wet October days to find the red creeper on the friendly wall. The days grow chilly, and the first frosts are on the celery, and the muffin man's bell is heard once more in the street, and one finds home-made sausages, split and hissing, as one comes down to breakfast in the morning.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The centenary of Edward Fitzgerald's birth is being commemorated by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, in the issuance of a Fitzgerald Edition of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam. It is spoken of as a genuine artist's de luxe, every page and every letter being the work of the Hungarian artist Willy Pogany. The motif and color effects are Oriental.

Among the novels announced for publication this fall by the Lippincotts are: "Phœbe Deane," by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz, author of "Marcia Schuyler;" "The Clue," a detective story, by Carolyn Wells; "In Ambush," by Marie Van Vorst; "The Isle of Dead Ships," a tale of the Sargasso Sea, by Crittenden Marriot; "The Man in the Tower," by Rupert S. Holland; "Bronson of the Rabble," a romance of old Philadelphia, by Albert E. Hancock; and Rosa N. Carey's annual story for young women, "The Key of the Unknown."

Few poets write epics nowadays, realizing, perhaps, that they would win few readers if they did. An age which is given over to motor-cars and aeroplanes is not an age to which the necessity of sustained intellectual effort appeals. For this reason, Alfred Noyes's "Drake: An English Epic," which Blackwood's Magazine had the courage to print serially, and of which the Frederick A. Stokes Company now presents an American edition, is the more noteworthy. No one could make such a venture with better heart than Mr. Noyes, for no living writer in English, on either side of the sea, is producing verse so virile, so fresh or ex-

hibiting such a mastery of lyric forms as he. His "Drake" is a really splendid performance, which stands quite by itself in the literature of the day, and for which it is not rash to predict a permanent place in English verse. The great career of Drake and his companions is here made the theme of a vivid and stately narrative, interspersed with songs which stir the heart and delight the ear. A reader who turns over these pages, and hesitates to commit himself to the reading of twelve Books of an epic has only to pick out one or two of the lyric passages to find himself beguiled through Book after Book, to get the sequence and full meaning of the noble poem. American readers may count themselves fortunate to have a special edition of the poem presented to them in so attractive a guise; the more so because Mr. Noyes has written especially for them a Prologue which is lacking in the English edition, and from which we venture to quote the last two stanzas:

Over all this earth, sweet,  
The poor and weak look up to  
you—  
Lift their burdened shoulders, stretch  
their fettered hands in prayer:  
You, with gentle hands, can bring  
the world-wide dream to birth,  
sweet:  
While I lift this cup to you  
And wonder—will she care?

Kindle, eyes, and beat, heart!  
Hold the brimming beaker up!  
All the may is burgeoning from East to  
golden West!  
England, my mother, greet America,  
my sweetheart:  
—Ah, but ere I drained the cup  
I found her on your breast.





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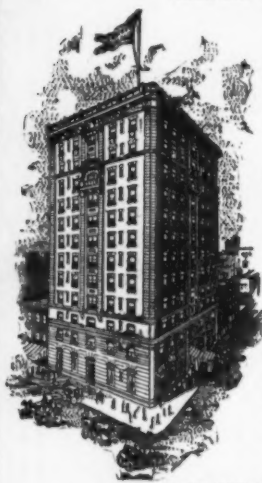
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